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**GLENNY'S**

INTERNATIONAL

**Exhibition Remembrancer,**

CONTAINING

NOTES ON MEN AND THINGS,

ILLUSTRATED

GARDENERS' BOOKS, PLANTS, FRUITS, MACHINES, IMPLEMENTS,  
MATERIALS, AND SUBJECTS IN GENERAL USE.

LONDON:

W. & A. WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW,

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CONE OF A "CEDRUS DEODÁRA,"

FROM A TREE AT BICTON, THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. LADY ROLLE

**001.** [Illegible]

~~100-2-139.~~





THE

# International Exhibition

## REMEMBRANCE

AND

ILLUSTRATED FORGET-ME-NOT.

By GEORGE GLENNY,

EDITOR OF THE FIRST GARDEN NEWSPAPER, THE GARDENERS' GAZETTE;  
FOUNDER OF THE GARDENERS' BENEFICENT SOCIETY;  
AUTHOR OF THE PROPERTIES OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS, AND OF FRUITS AND  
VEGETABLES; TWENTY-SIX YEARS EDITOR OF GLENNY'S GARDEN  
ALMANAC, AND OTHER HORTICULTURAL WORKS.

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LONDON:

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1863.

~~180. c. 139.~~

161. c. 160.



## P R E F A C E.

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THE First Edition of this highly popular work, under the title of *THE GARDENER'S FORGET-ME-NOT*, was dedicated, by permission, to the late Right Honourable Lady ROLLE, a warm Patroness of Art, Science, and Literature, and an illustrious example of Practical Benevolence. The frontispiece is an accurate engraving of a cone of the deodara produced in her Ladyship's garden at Bickton.

As a Second Edition is called for, and the abolition of the duty on paper has forced a reduction on books of all classes, the Author has determined to meet the occasion, by lowering the Half-a-crown Edition to Eighteen Pence, and the Eighteen-penny Edition to One Shilling, while the quality will be in every respect equal, and in some respects superior to the First Publication.

It may be said, without any great stretch of vanity, that there is not a more appropriate Gift Book in existence. The engravings are amusing and instructive. The subjects are miscellaneous, but interesting to all classes; and it would be difficult to find a more fitting Present to the thousands of country friends who are naturally anxious to take back some memento of the Great International Exhibition of 1862

At least such is the opinion of

THE AUTHOR.



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# GLENNY'S

## ILLUSTRATED GARDEN FORGET-ME-NOT.

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### THE DEODAR, OR INDIAN CEDAR.

(*Cedrus Deodara*. Loudon.)

THE Deodar Cedar was first introduced into England by the Hon. W. Leslie Melville, in the year 1822, and first produced its cones in 1858, in the Pinetum at Bicton, the residence of the Baroness Rolle, in Devonshire, where some of the largest and finest specimens in Europe are to be found at the present time, and young plants, raised from seeds, ripened in England.

Dr. Roxburgh, who first named the tree *Pinus Deodara*, says, "Devadaru," or "Deodar," is the name the tree is known by among the natives where it grows; but more recent researches give numerous other local names besides Dr. Roxburgh's Hindostanee ones.\* It is called "Kelou," "Kolan," and "Kolain," in the Gurhwal dialect, all Sanscrit variations for cedar and its resinous extracts. In Kunawur it is known as the "Kelmung;" by the Arian population, and about Simla, as the "Keloo," "Kelou," and "Keoulee," all vernacular terms for resin or its extracts, which, after its timber, is the most valuable product of the tree. Its turpentine is called "Kelou-ke-tel," by the people around Simla (from "Kil," to throw or cast out resin; also, to be white, alluding to its colour), and obtained from small split pieces of the wood, prepared for the purpose with smothered heat, the produce having the odour of the wood, but not the consistency of tar. In Kafiristan, the tree is called "Nokhtur," on account of its prickly or pungent leaves; and the people of Nepal, Cashmere, and Persia, apply

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\* The Hindostanee names, "Devadaru," "Deodar," and "Deewur," and of which the Gorkhalees and other native tribes sometimes abridge the orthodox Sanscrit to "Deyar" and "Dewer," is derived from "Deva," or "Derva" (deity), and "daru" (timber or tree), and rendered by Sanscrit writers as "Tree of God," "Spirit Bearer," "Divine Tree," and "Lord of Cedars."



the same names and terms as those used by the Hill people, and hold it in equal veneration.

The Deodar Cedar is found on all the higher mountains from Nepal Proper up to Cashmere, and towards Kafirstan, at elevations varying from 5,000 to 12,000 feet. Major Madden estimates its lowest site on the Himalayas at 5,500 feet; while Mr. Winterbottom gives 5,600 feet in the Baramoola Pass as its lowest descent in Cashmere; and Captain Gerrard fixes its limits on a south aspect near Simla, not lower than 6,436 feet of elevation. It appears quite at home at Almorah, although an exotic, at an elevation not exceeding 5,500 feet, and ripens its cones well, but not abundantly; again on the northern face of the Busehur Himalaya, 7,500 feet are assigned as its lowest level, and 10,900 feet as its highest elevation; but it frequently is to be found, in scattered specimens, in favourable situations, as high as 12,000 feet, and Dr. Gerrard mentions as having measured Deodar Cedars on the southern face of the Himalaya, 13 feet in circumference and 140 feet high, between 10,000 and 12,000 feet of elevation; but the upper limit of 12,000 feet is proper to Kunawur only, and similar climates, where the range of arborescent vegetation rises with the snow line. The Deodar Cedar has not hitherto been found, in a wild state, in Eastern Nepal or Sikkim, and in Lower Kumaon, where it commonly occurs, at an elevation of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet, in groves by villages and around temples; and although it has spread from some of those centres to a considerable distance, it is wholly unknown on the more remote and lofty mountains, and probably not indigenous, but introduced to its actual localities, which the fact of all the finest trees being found near temples and villages seems to prove, as the pilgrims naturally would first plant this sacred tree around their places of worship and habitation, and where it would soon get established, as the tree seems very indifferent to site and substance; when growing in a natural state, flourishing equally amongst the clefts of the most scarped rocks, gneiss, quartz, limestone, granite, clay, and mica-slate, as in the black vegetable mould of the brae or glen, provided always the surface of the latter slope to an angle sufficient to insure thorough drainage; and all the gigantic specimens on record occur near the snowy ranges. Major Madden records a hollow, flat-crowned patriarch, on the western side of the Changsheel range of mountains, 36½ feet round at five feet from the ground, and another of equal dimensions near the sacred fish-tank, below Cheene, in Kunawur, and that numerous fine specimens abound in the higher regions of Nepal, where they are more or less enveloped in snow for half the year, and preserve their characteristic

habit—of huge horizontal boughs clothing the trunk, nearly down to the ground, and with all the lesser branches on the same level, and a flat, tabular summit, quite resembling the cedar of Lebanon, and very unlike its drooping and more ordinary form when young.

The timber is held in the highest estimation by the people of Upper India, being considered almost imperishable, and peculiarly exempt from the attacks of worms or insects, and as having the great advantage of requiring but little seasoning before using.

Mr. Moorcroft, in his Travels, says, it is the most valuable of all the timber found in Cashmere, where pieces of its wood from the "Zein-ul-Kadel" bridge were found little decayed, although exposed to the action of the water for 400 years; and that in the walls of temples in Kunawur beams are pointed out as showing no signs of decay, except being a little blackened on the surface by the action of the sun and weather, although these temples were said to have been built from 600 to 800 years ago. Captain Gerrard also states, that, while residing in a house, the property of the Busehur Rajah, near Rampoor, he ascertained it to be 200 years old, and in which the Deodar timber was as sound as when first used in its construction. Its wood retains a lasting fragrance; and takes the saw freely, but will not split regularly, and its only defect for building purposes lies in its being extremely inflammable, and on which account, brands of it are often employed for torches; and the turpentine extracted from it far exceeds other kinds in scent, and is much valued in Upper India as a stimulating application to indolent ulcers, and is an excellent remedy for mange in horses, and for sore feet in cattle. Its timber is also held in considerable veneration by the native population, who do not much relish using it in their house-building, or other useful purposes, when any other timber is procurable, for fear of incurring the displeasure of "Debee," who is its supposed patroness. The bark, however, is occasionally employed in roofing houses by the natives, and the leaves are given to cattle in times of scarcity, and the young twigs are much used in native medicine.

The tree is evergreen, and has a very striking appearance, on account of its glaucous colour. It flowers in September, and the seeds are ripe in October or November of the following year. The cones are erect, solitary, and produced on the upper side of the stout top branches, and when ripe break up and fall to pieces, shedding both scales and seeds on the ground.

GEORGE GORDON, A.L.S.



### THE SNAKE CUCUMBER.

It has often made people stare when we have talked of cucumbers nine feet long; but there is no denying the fact, for we have grown them that length, and even longer. With very ordinary growth they come five or six feet in length, and are cultivated for their curiosity, rather than their use; for they are not fit to eat. The representation of this plant is taken from a work entitled "Outlines of Botany," by Dr. J. Scoffern, M.B.; and we confess that, since the infidel works of Woolffius and Goethe have been imitated by a celebrated teacher of botany in this country, we never take up a botanical work without a sort of misgiving, lest we should meet with the demoralis-

ing lessons which emanate from that contaminating school—a school which teaches that the great Creator, however perfect in all his other works, was the reverse in vegetation. We are seriously told, even by Dr. Lindley, that “flowers are only metamorphosed leaves; that fruit are stunted branches; and that some parts of a flower are useless.” These are fine lessons for youth, who have been previously told that the Creator made all things perfect, and created nothing in vain! We look upon the dogmas of the German school as impious beyond description, and are deeply grieved to see a man like Professor Lindley adopting them. Albeit, we think he will have some difficulty in persuading his pupils that the luscious peaches, pears, and grapes are stunted branches. It is, however, with great pleasure we read the “*Outlines of Botany*” now before us. It is a rational, interesting explanation of the terms used in the science, a description of the popular plants, with something like three hundred wood engravings of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, banishing all preconceived notions that botany is a dry study, and showing at once that it is a most interesting and economical pursuit, and may be indulged in by all classes, even the most humble. The author has shown that botany, taught properly, is anything but a dry study, and has exhibited great ingenuity in leading the student through the most pleasant paths to a knowledge of all that is interesting in the physiology of the vegetable kingdom. We select the engraving of the Snake Cucumber (*Trichosanthus Colubrina*) to show the character of the fruit, which displays itself best on a wall, and rarely curls until something intercepts its onward growth. It should be raised in a hot-bed, and grown in a pot till June, when it may be trained up the front of a house, or over a trellise, or, for want of these, allowed to trail on the ground. We are sorry we cannot afford space for another engraving or two.

#### GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT STANDARDS.

MANY years ago, we strongly recommended gooseberry and currant trees to be grown as standards, for the advantages are manifest:—First, the fruit is so far from the ground that they escape the dirt which, in hard rains, splashes up to dwarf trees, and covers them with mud and grit; secondly, the fruit is much easier thinned and gathered; thirdly, the ground beneath them is kept clean with less trouble, and suckers more readily seen, and promptly destroyed; lastly, the ground underneath can actually be cropped, if ground be scarce, and room an object. The trouble of training has prevented the plan from being generally adopted; but we paid a visit to one garden at

Epping, where the style was well carried out. Both gooseberries and currants were from two to three feet high in the stem, and nothing could look better. Of course, we must begin with the cuttings, and let none but the centre shoot go up. The sides at pruning time must be trimmed close part of the way up, and it may, perhaps, be the third year before they have attained the height required. They may then be stopped, and the side branches near the top taken back to two or three eyes each, and all below continually removed. When any buds appear down the stem, they should be rubbed off, and not be allowed to grow at all. They will require as much looking at and attention as a standard rose; for there will be just the same struggle to grow and throw up suckers as there is in the stock or briar; and you must be careful when a sucker appears to trace it home to its base, and take it close off, not leaving a bit to grow again. Too many cut them off below the surface, and fancy they have done all that is required. They will soon, however, find that four or five will come up instead of one, and the evil will be increasing every year. The pruning of such trees, year after year, must be similar to that of dwarfs, the only difference being that the one is on the ground, and the other three feet above it. Again, there are many of the gooseberries whose habit is pendulous, and, when raised three feet from the surface, they form handsome objects; but the convenience for gathering, when all the fruit is in sight, is so great, when compared with the trouble of stooping down and holding up the branches, which actually trail in the dirt, that, setting aside the superior appearance and cleanliness of the fruit, that alone would be sufficient to warrant growing them all as standards.

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### SCIENCE POPULARLY EXPLAINED.

THERE is nothing so tempting to persons of inquiring minds as works which supply the information they seek in a form which any humble aspirant can understand and appreciate. Scientific works are by no means scarce, and a youth with only one object may perchance obtain one that answers his purpose. He is, however, just as likely to hit upon one whose title may be tempting, and whose contents are better adapted for those who are already high up in the class, but to him who wants to commence a study is useless, if not repulsive. It is a fault among very clever authors that they write as if their readers were far advanced in the knowledge of the subject, forgetting altogether, or seeming to forget, that a good deal has to be learned before their books can be commonly understood. In

the work now before us, and which forms one of "John Cassell's Educational Course," the title is fully borne out. By the effective manner in which the very foundation and groundwork of art and science is inculcated, all the phenomena in Nature are explained and accounted for, the laws and properties of matter and mechanics are made familiar, and every page seems to coax the student to go on to the next study. No single book ever conveyed so much general and useful information. We feel inclined to quote examples, but know not which chapter is the best, nor which subject is most cleverly handled; and besides the difficulty in choosing the best where all are good, another arises from the length of most subjects. However, here is a bit which we like, because it is a good sample, and a proof that, unlike too many scientific men, our author repudiates that infidel style of writing which tends, if not intended, to upset all preconceived notions of the Creator's works:—

#### THE RACES OF MAN.

"Q. While animal and vegetable life, of a peculiar and distinctive character, marks the different localities of the globe, is not MAN the SAME in every country and climate?"

"A. The organisation of animal and vegetable life is adapted to particular and distinct climates and country; but *man*, the *chief being* in this world—the lord of creation—has physical capacities which enable him to dwell in *every climate, soil, and situation*.

"Q. Is there, then, no variety in the human race?"

"A. On the *contrary*, there are very great *varieties* in the human family, although it is perfectly identical, and in every important particular essentially the same.

"Q. Has this identity of the human race ever been disputed?"

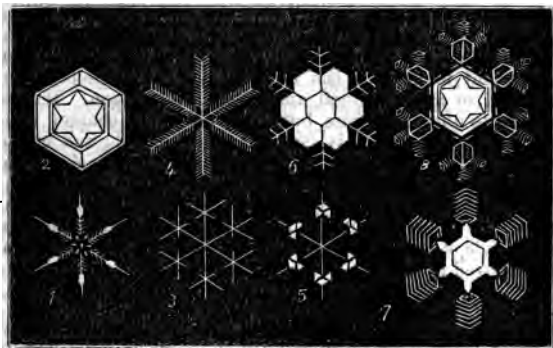
"A. Notwithstanding the direct testimony of Scripture that we are the *offspring of common parents*, it has been asserted that some of the people of uncivilised countries are so low in the scale of intellect as to be really an inferior race. Such has been said of the *Negro* and native *Australian*.

"Q. Is there any truth in such an assertion?"

"A. *None whatever*. Man is the same everywhere, and only requires the facilities afforded by civilisation and refinement to develop those faculties the non-existence of which has been so boldly asserted."

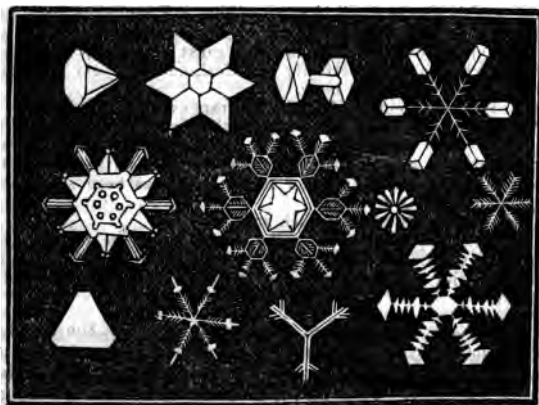
It is strange that some of the greatest men in the world of science have had a perpetual itching, as it were, to get up theories of their own, contrary to the received notions founded on sacred history. They labour intensely to account for things which can only be referred to the "great First Cause least understood." The author of "Science Popularly Explained" reconciles everything to what has been told us by inspired writers; but as we shall have something to say upon works of

careless, if not infidel, writers, we close this by merely stating that the best works on the history of man confirm the views of



FORMS OF SNOW CRYSTALS.

the author and editors of the volume before us. If any one



FORMS OF SNOW FLAKES MAGNIFIED.

wants to know more of the history of man than they tell us, he may consult Buffon, Blumenbach (1790), Zimmerman (1778),

Soemmerring (1785), Meinen (1793), and Prichard (1808), with advantage.

This book abounds with engravings, to illustrate the numerous subjects which the author treats of. We shall take two of those which give examples of the beautiful forms in which snow appears when under the microscope; yet these are but few in comparison; for it is said that in the Arctic regions more than a hundred different forms of snow have been observed. We will take a few passages, and thus conclude:—

"Q. What is snow?

"A. Snow is *congealed rain*.

"Q. Is snow nothing more than congealed rain?

"A. It is both *congealed* and *crystalised*.

"Q. Is there any great variety of form, then, in the snow flakes?

"A. Yes; in the Arctic regions *nearly a hundred different forms* of snow have been observed.

"Q. How is snow occasioned?

"A. By the *cold air* (air below freezing point) *condensing* the vapour in the air.

"Q. Are sleet and snow the same?

"A. Sleet is snow *partially melted*.

"Q. How is snow partially melted?

"A. By *passing through a warmer current of air* as it descends to the earth."

Nothing can be more simple than the way in which really valuable truths are conveyed.

### TRICKS OF TRADE.

WHOEVER may have read of the adulteration of food, and of fifty other articles that are in general use, may have also fairly concluded that it is next to impossible to obtain any thing pure. But would anybody believe that it was possible to cheat them with a flower? Yet the madding of sugar, mixing plaster of Paris in bread and flour, grinding roasted beans in coffee, substituting sloe-leaves for tea, and such like tricks, are not more palpable frauds than have been practised upon the public in the purchase of those beautiful works of the Creator—flowers. In our younger days, before the fancy-tipped dahlias were known to any extent, an Englishman was hunting after novelties on the Continent, and was invited by a dealer to call on him at a particular time, and taken to look at two plants of extraordinary beauty, a purple and a scarlet regularly tipped, every petal perfect, even those of the half-opened blooms exhibited the peculiarity that rendered the variety invaluable. As soon as the astonished novelty-hunter was satisfied, the dealer



cut off the flowers, and sent them away by his man, informing the would-be customer that they were going off to a distant connoisseur, and in vain the enthusiastic Englishman begged for only one: the dealer was inexorable, and offered large prices for the stock. The Frenchman walked his visitor round the grounds, and when they returned to the two plants, which had not a flower left on them, the half-crazy beholder doubled his offer, if he might take up the roots then and there; to which the seller agreed, with every symptom of reluctance, expressing his belief, that if he kept them till the shows came off in the metropolis, he could make four times as much. Up they were dug, the tops cut off, the roots carefully packed for travelling, and the money paid. They were merely fumigated with brimstone; and any of our readers may try the experiment for amusement, not only with a dahlia, but any other strong-coloured flower. The effect is beautiful, and lasts, perhaps, an hour or two. It can be tried with a bunch of matches, by merely holding the bloom over while they are burning. The buyer never found his mistake till the following year, and then the seller was *non est*. The buyer never owned the transaction; but years after we heard the Frenchman boast of the trick, and the poor buyer was then no more. The trickster said that he did not press the purchase; the buyer would take no denial, and when he declared his intention to take up the roots (the Frenchman, who declared he meant originally to have his joke out, and then undeceive his customer), the temptation was too great, as it must be a year before it came to light. But the secret of tipping flowers by such simple means has been known many years, and it has enabled many a joke to be played off by presenting a bloom beautifully marked, knowing that it will soon be all of a colour. But this is only one of many tricks played with flowers. To such an extent has it been carried, that thousands of pounds per annum have been made by cheating. There is a sort of standard by which the value of flowers is estimated, and the nearer a new one approaches that standard, the greater its value. It is to be regretted, then, that there are means by which a worthless variety can be made to appear valuable: some, by cutting out the centre which is bad, and closing the other parts over it, to make it look well; some, by pulling out different florets and petals whose presence make it good for nothing; some, by forcing open petals which naturally come like so many pipes or quills; and we are sorry to say there are men who have, by such disreputable means, worked their way up from common mechanics or journeymen gardeners to men of money. Ladies and gentlemen have attended exhibitions, seen very fine-looking flowers, made memorandums of their

beauty, ordered them, and when they bloomed in the buyer's garden in their natural state, they have been disgustingly bad. The first impression is highly detrimental to the gardener, who is supposed to be deficient in skill; but when matters are explained, all that can be done is to avoid ordering in future any thing on the ground of its appearance at a show; but men can make their fortunes, if they only take in everybody once, and so the thing goes on from year to year—all the young beginners and inexperienced gardeners being an easy prey, and the cheating dealers in novelties being ready to pounce on them, like hawks upon sparrows. The press, however, has done much towards destroying this kind of trade. The public will, nevertheless, be always subject to the misrepresentations of certain dealers, who offer novelties as flowers and plants of the first class when they know them to be otherwise. There is only one way of avoiding this. Never buy a new thing the year it is offered, unless you have some positive assurance of its superiority, because the next year it may be had for a fourth—perhaps, a tenth—of the price demanded at letting out. We have been taunted times out of number about refusing our sanction to flowers the first year, and afterwards recommending the things we condemned; but it should be remembered that we condemn things as half-guinea novelties, but approve of them at sixpence or a shilling. We can look back with pleasure to things that we have recommended—Dobson's Dwarf White Phlox, *Calceolaria*, *Aurea Floribunda*, Carter's Prolific Raspberry, Chapman's Prince of Wales Plum, and many other subjects, that are as much esteemed now as they were years ago when they first came out; and if we go to florists' flowers that we have approved, there is scarcely a good one in cultivation that we have not singled out from the thousands of rubbish sent to us for our opinion. It would be a very tedious task to wade through all the means adopted by what may be called floricultural cheats, but it is a sad thing that the lovers of flowers should be subject to such gross impositions.

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#### FERNERIES.—WHAT FORMS ARE THE BEST.

AMONG the fashionable decorations of a garden we may reckon Ferneries. These grow best among stones and bricks, and it is curious to see the contrivances which are adopted. Some are merely a heap of stones, as if a cart load were shot down in a heap; others pretend to give them some whimsical and toy-like form. Even in large establishments there are but few examples of even passable erections for the accommodation of rock plants. Now we hold that a Fernery should be like something. It

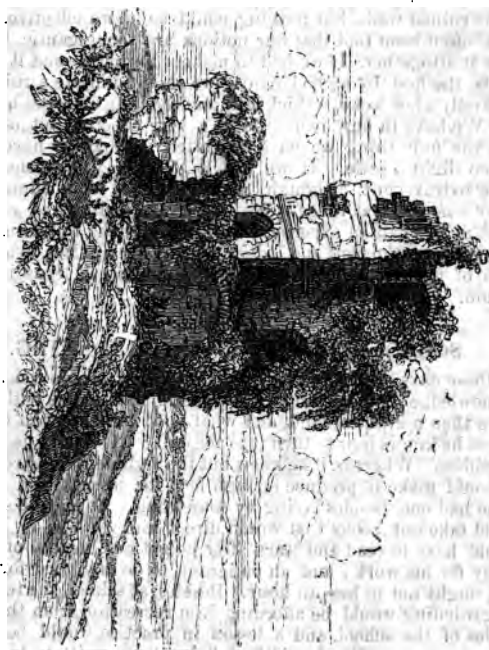
should be an interesting feature, instead of an eye-sore, which a great majority are. The choice of a site is important, but that of a subject is still more so. The idea of a heap of stones, without form or design, is bad enough; but a whimsical disposition of them, without meaning, is worse. For our own part, we have long made up our mind that the imitation of a ruin, with ferns and rock plants growing upon the ledges, in the crevices, and among the fallen *débris*, is the best of all; and there are innumerable examples of real remains which might be



RUINS OF MONGREL'S PRIORY.

taken as a model. Take, for instance, Mongrel's Priory, a very old ruin, for the Priory is said to have been founded by St. Patrick. However formidable it may have been, there is very little left. As Mrs. Hall tells us, "a few broken walls only remain," but they would make an interesting feature in a good establishment. The broken stones which may be heaped up at the foot to any height, or spread to any extent, would add to the effect, for it must be confessed that one-half the interest

RUINS OF KILCOLMAN CASTLE.



attached to every ruin in the kingdom has been destroyed by the removal of the fallen portions. Or, we might take the remains of Kilcoleman Castle, the residence of Spenser, who, Mrs. Hall, in her delightful hand-book for the South of Ireland, tells us there "composed his 'Faëry Queen,'" and she adds, "The river and the mountain still endure, but the poet's estate long ago passed into the hands of those who have neither his name nor lineage." There is nothing remaining but portions of its ruined walls, but nothing could be more effective. We have often been told that our notions are too gigantic, but we deny it altogether. If we had to make a Fernery—and it would not be the first by a good many—we should imitate a ruin, if it were only a few feet of a thick wall, and the heap of stones beneath it. We have in our own ground a very effective bit of ruin, and the only thing we have regretted is, that we have built on too slight a scale. If we had it to do again, we should be more extravagant, although, as it is, it has been admired by many who see that there is nothing that produces so good an effect at so small an expense. Things requiring to be high and dry, grow on the tops and ledges, and in the crevices, while the heap of rubbish at the bottom grows the larger ferns in perfection.

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### SCHOOL EDUCATION IN GARDENING.

In these days of emigration, it is impossible to rate too highly a knowledge of gardening; for a young man starts with little more than a grant of land, and what good can his grant do him unless he knows how to turn it to account? It would be to him worthless. Whereas, if he knew but the rudiments of gardening, he could make it produce enough food for himself and family, if he had one, besides laying by something. It may be said he could take out books that would direct him what to do, but he would have to read and learn after he got out, instead of being ready for his work; and an emigrant, to do any good for himself, ought not to lose an hour. Besides, at school, the teaching of gardening would be affording him recreation from the drier duties of the school, and a lesson in practice would be better than twenty readings. Although we have written books as plainly as they can be written—and two or three of our works are all a gardener need possess—there is nothing like a practical lesson. If we had to send a youth to school, we should select one where the lads had a little bit of garden. The Duke of Northumberland, in his school at Alnwick, not only provides this, but gives prizes annually for the best produce, and has created among the objects of his care a great amount of emula-

tion and enthusiasm. Turn these boys, when they are old enough, out in a wild waste in Australia, and they would go to work without having to study. They know how to dig and trench, and sow and plant, as well as they know how to eat the produce; and school education should not go beyond this. It is like other education for the people; we would never teach the poor beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic. This puts them in the fair way for learning, or self-teaching—all that their genius, if they have any, can desire. We dislike cramming. As a proof that it is of little use, we find a great number who have learned all sorts of scholastic accomplishments at college regular fools when they come out into the world; "up," as they call it, in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, without the brains to apply their parrot-knowledge to any useful account; whereas, had they been only taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, they would have never attempted more, because they had no capacity for turning anything more to good account, and no disposition to acquire more. These common qualifications fit a youth for business, and that is all the poor require; they are all that a great mind will require; for, if his genius fits him for higher things, he will soon acquire the rest of himself. How many of our great men have been self-taught, and that, too, without even the advantage of the school rudiments? So it should be with school gardening; we would not have it go further than the management of the open ground and hardy crops. If, on leaving school, they take a fancy to that profession, they will soon, by means of books and working at the garden, find the way to accomplish greater things. A young gardener's library need not be expensive. It has been said by one of the best practical gardeners we know, that Abercrombie's "Every Man his Own Gardener" has turned more amateurs into gardeners than all the books published before him; but, as the copyright of this work, in its original form, has run out, there have been many spurious editions published. The only one we know of that retains the great master's lessons, and in which modern facilities, and the improved practice arising out of them, are merely added, is the one published by Longman, Whittaker, Houlston, and other of the principal booksellers, who have joined, and gone to great expense to bring the practice up to the present time, with all its improvements. Of the other works to form a gardener's library, our "Manual of Practical Gardening," the "Handbook to the Flower Garden and Greenhouse," the "Handbook to the Fruit and Vegetable Garden," the "Gardener's Every Day Book," and the "Handy Book on Gardening," contain all that is known on the subject; but if a man wants to follow a

as a profession, and can only buy one, it should be the "Manual of Practical Gardening." As, however, we have our mind upon school gardening as an essential part of a youth's education, we should remind teachers that there is a very useful Catechism of Gardening, edited by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of King's College, for the use of schools, and that there cannot be a greater incentive to learn than to give some of the other books we have mentioned, as prizes for the most efficient students. Emigration is a fine opening for a young man of energy and industry, who knows enough of the land and its uses to set to work on his ground on his arrival; for we know that the Government of Auckland, a thriving colony, gives liberal grants of twenty or thirty acres to each individual; but clerks, shopmen, and mere scholars are useless. These are the description of persons who are walking about some of our new colonies shoeless, or filling the most menial situations. None should go who cannot work like a navy. Many have left their places at the desk, or behind the counter, or at their mamma's fire-side, to go and dig for gold with about as much notion of a pick or a spade as a cow has of a new shilling; and a pretty mess they made of it. We have heard of great successes, but not by gentlemen who were afraid to wet their shoes. Emigrants should be of some useful trade, or able to grow their own food; and as the ground is given to them, they who understand the rudiments of gardening cannot do wrong. All a man has learned beyond this is to his advantage. He may build his own house, or make his own shoes, or exercise any other trade to a profit; but his living must be on his freehold, and the larger his family the more ground he can use as a garden. Make the children gardeners as soon as they are old enough to help him. Much of course depends on the return of the land; but generally he can find plenty of wood for all his purposes, and he will not be long before he makes the ground feed him and yield plenty to sell. Let gardening, therefore, so far as ordinary operations out of doors, be taught our youth, and particularly in free schools; and if there be no ground, make at least the Catechism of Gardening as familiar as the multiplication table.

### GARDEN VASES AND FIGURES.

THE patented Silesian stone from Ransome's studio at Ipswich, has set many persons on the move to ornament their gardens with vases, figures, and edgings to flower beds; for the article being white, or tinted any colour, is imperishable, while most of the carved stone ornaments get worse every year. The



SILESIA STONE VASE.



peculiarity in the Silesian stone is, that it can be moulded to anything, that it is afterwards submitted to fire heat, which completely vitrifies it, and that it neither warps nor shrinks in the process; but, what is more important still, it is not in the least affected by the weather. The works at Ipswich form quite a museum of art, for there may be seen every kind of figure, vase, pedestal, pillar, bracket, pilaster, cornice, font, altar-piece, in fact, everything that is usually carved in stone or marble; last, not least, there is a fair diversity of grave-stones, for which, from its permanent nature, the material is particularly adapted. At the London dépôt in Cannon Row, Westminster, many specimens of the stone may be seen, adapted for builders—chimney-pieces, with all the elaborate details of carved marble, balustrades, and all the ornaments which are used in worked stone, or imitated in compo. Leaving, however, the builders and their ornaments, and adjourning to the garden, where we take more interest in flower vases and edgings for beds and borders, it strikes us that the material is of the highest importance. If we had to describe it, we should say it is in appearance a marble granite, and is, if left uncoloured, snowy white, but can be made of various tints, to imitate any stone. There can be no two opinions upon the fact that nothing contributes more to the beauty of a garden than a vase well furnished with flowers; and no two persons furnish them alike. Our advice, however, is never to plant anything in them, but to furnish them with plants in pots, that you may withdraw one directly it is untidy, and substitute something in perfection, covering the pots with moss, that they may not be seen. The advantage of this plan is that you may, if you please, indulge your taste by totally changing the colours and disposition of the plants once a-week, or as often as you are so inclined; whereas, if you fill the vase with soil, and insert the plants, you can make no change without disturbing the rest, and can never be so neat and complete in the arrangements. We have given a sketch of a cast-iron vase, also upon a marble pedestal. The casting was done by the Colebrook Dale Foundry, and almost vies with the celebrated continental castings for sharpness and delicacy; but it would have looked better upon one of the Silesian stone pedestals. Mr. Frederick Ransome has also patented two solutions, which may be applied to stone—compo and Roman cement—and which, sinking into the material, converts the surface to some depth into an imperishable material, and will preserve whatever it is applied to from the effects of weather, and stop further decay. This, perhaps, is as important as the stone itself, because it can be applied to everything—balustrades, terrace walls, statues, pedestals, and

everything in the nature of stone—marble, terra cotta, and compo ornaments exposed to weather, and even to the fronts of houses; and the application is as simple as whitewashing.



CAST-IRON VASE ON MARBLE PEDESTAL.

More important than all, it can be applied to grave-stones, and stop further decay, which is far preferable to a restoration by any other means.

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### STUNTING, OR DWARFING TREES.

THE stunting of trees—a practice in great favour in China—is said to be accomplished by daubing them all over with treacle, to attract insects, which causes premature decay, and gives a fictitious character of age; but we only believe what we please upon this subject, for that would induce premature decay also, and we have seen specimens that appeared in tolerable health. Much, we know, may be done towards keeping a plant small by the judicious use of a knife, and curtailing the allowance of nourishment. In the first place, a plant must be stopped while young, to regulate the height; and the top branches, or rather

those near the top, managed so as to form the head; or, if it is to be a bush, all the side branches should be watched and stopped, or removed or shortened, to make the subject the form we wish it to be. This once accomplished, we may remove the new wood every year, and, in the meantime, confine the roots. It must, however, have water when it flags, to keep life in it. Those who have espalier fruit trees know that, when they have attained the size we want them, they can be kept in their places by only removing the new wood every season. When shoots are coming where we do not want them, they should be rubbed off; and when the tree has done its summer work, they can be cut back. There is not much sense in doing so with oaks, elms, and other timber trees, but it is of the greatest advantage to stunt many objects. We will take the *Pyrus Japonica*—we could give it a more fashionable name, if we did not want to be understood. Keep this plant stunted, by removing the new wood every year, cutting them all back to a short spur. We have had this ten years old, and not more than fifteen inches high, literally covered with bloom every year; for it flowers on all the short spurs, close to old wood. Here is an object gained; for it is at once adapted for the window of the dwelling-house. We have also allowed plants to run up three feet, and then, by stopping the top, and using the upper side shoots, we have formed a head; and by treating the head, when once formed, to our liking, as we did the shrubs—that is, spurring all the new wood back—we have completely stunted the tree, and the head has been richly furnished with flowers. There are many other subjects that can be stunted in the same way. The Dutch honeysuckle, which, if left to a free growth, would cover a house-front in a short time, may be made a manageable pot plant, and by precisely the same means; but in the spring it will make growing shoots that must be instantly checked—taken off at the base. Let those shoots that bear bloom alone grow, and the instant a flower decays cut off the stem close to the next two buds, which will both bloom in two or three days, and, when these decay, cut down to the next. You, by these means, keep a plant blossoming for several months, and, restrain the plant within its original bounds. You may keep it also like a shrub, or let it form a head, as you please. There are many other plants equally adapted for this kind of culture—*Deutzia gracilis*, *Spiraea prunifolia*, the double one. Both plants bloom close to the wood; the flowering is perfect before they are grown an inch. Here you have only to use the same means—removing the new wood; and if the new wood is removed, the trees or shrubs get no larger. We have had apple trees in pots, not half a yard

high, bearing for years; but if we chose to let them make young wood, and retain it, they would altogether lose their character as dwarfed trees. Look at the treatment of standard roses; if they were to be allowed to go unpruned, they would form enormous heads; but when we have once got them to a reasonable sized head for their height, we allow them to grow no larger, but cut back the new wood every season, and every now and then remove some of the old, when young shoots are coming to supply their places. Those plants which form the next year's flower buds, at the extremity of six inches to a foot shoots, such as the rhododendron, azalia, and camellia, can only be pruned after blooming; but it is very desirable to cut these back freely then, to form a good-shaped plant; for if they are allowed to push when a branch is already too long for the rest, the evil is aggravated, and the plant will get more ugly every year. But the stunting of those plants we first mentioned is making what may fairly be called new and beautiful objects, and, indeed, making them like two distinct varieties, if not species, of the same thing; whereas all the Chinese fancy stunted oaks, and other timber trees, produce nothing more than ugly curiosities; and it is by no means desirable to imitate them, if we even believed that the trade did the business.

#### NEEDLEWORK—FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

ALL the fancy work, and many of the manufactures, are deeply indebted to the garden for their patterns. Ladies work their crochet, and from the simple collar to the elaborate anti-macassar, draw largely upon flowers and fruits when inventing the figures they adopt; and such is the taste for vegetation, that all classes appear to want fruit, flowers, or leaves upon their fire-places, their fenders, finger-plates, curtain-pins, and even picture-frames and looking-glasses. Manufacturers have, therefore, of late years, dragged in all the products of the garden to those articles that admit of design. But, although we see pine-apples and grapes carved on the back of a sideboard, perfect in all but their colour, the perfection of design in flowers and fruit is only seen in needlework. Here we have nature almost surpassed by art. The brilliant colours, the subjects raised on the surface, the close imitation of tint and texture, are superior to painting; the most delicate shades are so closely copied that birds may peck at the fruit, and children attempt to pick the flowers. Carpets come in for their share of vegetation; and thus flowers and fruit are trodden under foot. They also form cornices and ceiling decorations; so that such is the present universal taste for things of the garden, that



NEEDLE-WORKED SCREEN.

we can turn neither right nor left, nor look up nor down, without meeting them. But our present business is with needlework, and we are not sure that embroidery is the proper term for those beautiful specimens of ladies' handiwork, which we observe on screens where the flowers are raised above the surface, and are like Nature's own doings. Embroidery is said to be "the enriching of a cloth, stuff, or muslin, by working divers figures thereon with the needle and thread, of gold and silver;" but we can see no distinction between one thread and another, so far as the operation is concerned. Miss Linwood's needlework—which, in the recollection of thousands, formed a collection of life-like pictures—was the wonder of the age, and the example we have copied would equal the best of that great collection. It was a French production, and will be remembered as a feature in the Great Exhibition of 1851. In our younger days, little girls worked samplers with three-cornered trees and eight-cornered letters, and used to be as proud of them as boys were of their Christmas pieces; but it was necessary to have the subjects explained, for none but the governesses knew what the hieroglyphics were intended to represent. But needlework has so improved, and the taste of young ladies has so much advanced, that every subject can be recognised by its close imitation of something natural; and ugly or unmeaning patterns are confined to Turkey carpets and the borders of Indian shawls and scarfs.

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### RURAL SPORTS—ANGLING.

ANGLING is, perhaps, the most quiet of all recreations, and least interferes with the comforts and conveniences of other people. It is exciting, because the sportsman has to compete with very cunning antagonists, and to exert his ingenuity against the wary finny tribe. The advantage, however, which the angler possesses is, that sometimes fishes as well as men are hungry, and that, like men, they are not so particular when ravenous as when they care nothing about food. It is, however, when fishes are full and dainty that we have to take unusual pains to tempt them. When trout are feeding, they snap at everything on the surface of the water—when they are full and satisfied, or sick and idle, something very tempting must be offered. If we try flies on the top of the water, we see when a fish bites by the little bubble he makes, and if our line is nearly straight he hooks himself; but if it is slack, and he can get away, with a loose line, the fly is rejected at once, so that the moment a fly is thrown on the surface we must begin drawing the line towards us, on its way to be pulled out alto-

gether. The fly ought not to be still a moment, nor ought the line to be ever slack. On the fish rising, a slight jerk secures your prey, if he does not fasten himself; when your line is well in hand, his sudden rush to get away hooks him. Bottom fishing with a float is not so lively as strolling on the banks of a river, nor is there the varied scenery to charm us. What is



GOLDSMITH'S MILL.

more picturesque than a water-mill, and where is a better spot than the mill-tail for an angler? Well! and for bold fishing, spinning, or trolling for jack, where is a more inviting place than Broxbourne? The gardens at the Crown Fishery are kept up in the highest style of floriculture. There is not in the United Kingdom a finer collection of our aristocratic favourite,

the hollyhock, and everything grown there is perfect in its way. There is not a gardener—amateur or professional—fond of angling, that does not know, and, if he can, enjoy Broxbourne fare and Broxbourne fishing; and, although a fine breeding-place for fish of all kinds, the owner, who is proud of his fishery, continues to supply it with vast numbers from other places, so that it is almost a charity to the finny crowd to go and hook a few out, and make more room. It is a subscription water, so that none but worthy persons can fish, and there is no danger of meeting disagreeable companions. The water was never so well stored, though always famous, as since the present owner has been in possession.

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### WINDOW GREENHOUSES.

WE have heard a good deal about Wardian cases, and few things have had a shorter reign; but they have given place to model greenhouses, which are a good deal more rational in their construction, and far better adapted for the growth of plants. The greatest drawback upon the health of plants in dwelling-houses is the want of moisture in the atmosphere, and the model greenhouse is made to shut all this dry air out; but there are conditions upon which plants may be cultivated in an inclosed glass case with very great comparative success. We say comparative, because we cannot boast of their growth being equal to those in regular plant-houses. But there is a good deal in the choice of plants. In the first place, nearly all—perhaps quite all—the cacti, of which there are so many forms, are well adapted for the confined air of a model greenhouse. They want water very seldom, and being, for the most part, of a short or squat form, they cannot be drawn up weakly; and, whether they are planted in the bed at the bottom, or suspended in pots from the top, it requires great excess of wet or dry soil to injure them. Ferns, of which there are many varieties, will grow well in the bed of the house, and their foliage is beautifully diversified, so that these two families may be grown together for years. Of other plants we say but little. Many will do for a few months, and then decay. We do not deny that some flowers will grow and bloom in these small glasshouses, but they soon fade and look untidy. The model greenhouse is all glass but about four inches of the bottom, which should be lined with zinc, and have several holes close to the bottom for drainage. This portion is filled with a compost of loam, decomposed dung, and peat earth, with the fibres in it chopped small and run through a coarse sieve. In this should be planted the ferns, and such other plants as are intended to



be grown; but we must not be disappointed at having to change now and then whatever we plant besides ferns. Several differently-formed cacti may be slung to the roof in pots. The soil in the bottom must be well watered, and the water be allowed to drain off at one or more of the holes near the bottom. The holes may then be plugged up, the glasses wiped, and the door shut close. These may progress for years, and be very interesting, without being once opened, unless it be to wipe the glass inside. But, although we have mentioned ferns and cacti as the most interesting with the least trouble, many would prefer blooming plants; and, if they do, they should choose those subjects which are naturally dwarf, and be prepared to change them frequently: the common double-daisy, white arabis, violets, hepatica, some of the smaller Alpine plants—especially the Alpine auriculas and primulas, which are very interesting. The objection to taller subjects is that they are apt to draw up weakly. Nevertheless, there are some that would do pretty well: such as London pride, nemophila insignis, Collinsia bicolor; but if we attempted to grow things that required to be changed, we should sink them in pots before they come into flower, and remove them after they bloomed. A model greenhouse could be thus kept always in good order. It must not, however, be forgotten that these miniature gardens under glass are most welcome in those places where plants would not thrive unless confined under glass, such as the heart of smoky towns and cities; and, in such places, we must be content with those plants that will grow for years without changing, and, when once properly filled with appropriate plants, they will scarcely want to be opened; for the moisture in the soil condenses on the glass and returns to the soil, so that it will hardly require water once in three months. The pots which are suspended are exceptions. These must have water occasionally; but never until the soil is dry. It is on that account that the cacti family are best adapted for the miniature greenhouse. As to the form of these plant houses, it is purely a matter of taste. They may be round, square, or oblong; but generally it is best to make them oblong, as wide as the window will allow, and about eighteen inches from back to front. If the form of a house is oblong, that is to say, square sides with a ridge roof, the sides should be about fifteen inches upright, and the roof a handsome pitch; but there is no rule. We have seen them quite square, hexagonal, and octagon—all equally tasty and ornamental; and we have also seen one of the round pans used for sowing seed adopted, with a glass cover, and things growing well under it in the most confined part of London. We have also seen the cacti family grown in collection in a place where

nothing else would live; and, although they made very slow progress, they lived and kept up their health. The notion that gave rise to what was called a **WARDIAN CASE**, that was to be hermetically sealed, has long been exploded, although the friends of the gentleman whose invention was to bottle plants up altogether, claim the more rationally-planned miniature greenhouses, and persist in calling them **Wardian cases**, just as the first youth who blew bladders with soapsuds might consider himself the inventor of balloons.

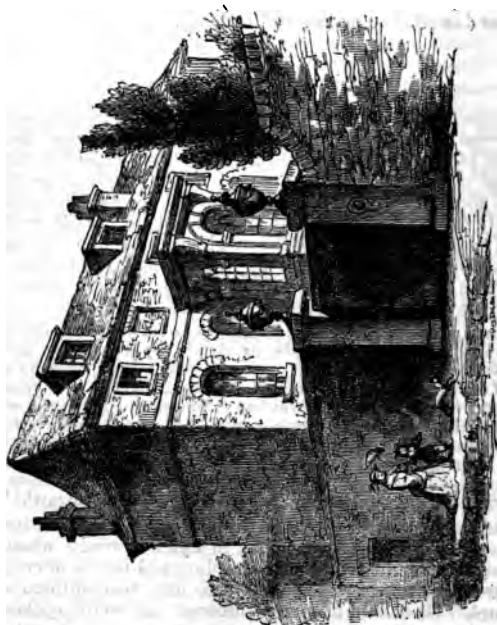
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### WILLIAM HOGARTH.

**POOR HOGARTH!** a man whose fault was something like ours—he warred against the scandalous frauds of picture dealers (instead of florists), and found they were too influential for his peace of mind. He was severe; not always right, though he always meant to be, and, like us, made enemies by publishing ugly facts, which he might have let alone. Still, we hold that a man who even sets the world against him by boldly maintaining an honest opinion, deserves well of the good, in proportion as he excites the envy, hatred, and malice of the bad. One of his biographers says:—

“It is lamentable that a man so highly useful and honourable to his country and the arts he professed, should, by singularity, and by an impolitic, although upright, mode of conduct, bring enemies upon himself as he advanced in years, who, unequal to cope with him for the bright rewards of genius, yet had influence enough in the world to sting him, and that remorselessly, by petty, paltry efforts. These, though they could never seriously wound his fame, yet disturbed his repose, and prevented the enjoyment of those well-earned encomiums the wise and virtuous were inclined to bestow upon his meritorious efforts. Such, unhappily, was the fate of Hogarth!”

It strikes us that poor Hogarth, with all his knowledge of human nature, was sadly deficient in moral courage when he attached any weight or value to the slurs and taunts of envious and cowardly slanderers. He ought to have treated them with contempt. He should have remembered that words spoken or written by some men are of no consequence. It is not the slander; it is the weight it may have with those who hear it, that should alone be considered. No man can strike out a new path without being envied by every bad man who is inferior in talent. Those who are annoyed by another's success are not slow in venting their spleen. If they have the skill to imitate, they invade his property. When Hogarth was first robbed by the printsellers, there was no copyright in prints and paintings. His first plates of any consequence, “*The Harlot's*



HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

HOGARTH'S TOMB.



Progress" and "The Rake's Progress," were pirated. "The very extraordinary merit of these productions, and the favourable reception they met with," observes his biographer, "soon induced the printsellers to be guilty of the base and mean conduct of having copies made of them, and thus robbed the ingenious author of his well-earned reward." Unhappily, this meanness and baseness prevail among authors, and our best work, "The Properties of Flowers and Plants," which gave an impetus to floriculture, and improved the taste throughout Europe and America, has been robbed and pirated by almost every hackneyed scribbler on horticulture. To return, however, to Hogarth. His prints were sermons. Vice is made hideous, for he has represented it in every stage of deformity. His "Idle and Industrious Apprentice" has done incalculable good. "The Sleeping Congregation," "The Distressed Poet," "The Enraged Musician," the "Marriage à-la-Mode," and many other works, are worthy of all praise. We mention these because there are but few who have not seen them, and those who have must know that they are pictures of real life, each telling its own story, and all the elaborate details aiding to fill up and finish the narrative. Every trifle is important; the very pattern of the furniture, the ornaments of the place, the pictures in a room, and the countenances and attitude of the inferior animals, belong to the composition. Hogarth's works, like those of Shakespeare, will never be forgotten. It has been said that his envious enemies shortened his life. We hope not; but we pity any original thinker of great fame, who has a very sensitive mind, because it renders the object, in some measure, the sport of every unprincipled thief that would rob him of his greatness. We have shaken off friends, so-called, as the Newfoundland dog does the drops of water after saving a drowning man, and we have enemies of a class that is far too numerous; but as our war has always been against those who cheat the public, we have none but cheats to oppose us. We have not a single enemy who would hesitate to pick a pocket or break a house, if his circumstances became desperate, and he had the opportunity. While, however, like Hogarth's enemies, the picture dealers, they can thrive by giving false characters to worthless things, they will not risk a more desperate game.

Hogarth was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew, November 10th, 1697, and on the 26th of October, 1764, says his biographer, "death put a finis to the labours of this extraordinary man, and deprived society of one of its most useful members, who contributed alike to its amusement and its improvement, and has left a perpetual fund of both for the benefit of future ages." Hogarth lived at Chiswick for many years, and was removed, in

a very weak and languid state, to Leicester Fields, a short time previous to his death, which was caused by aneurism of the chest. His house and garden are said to have been elegant. His remains were interred at Chiswick, beneath a plain but neat mausoleum, on which is the following elegant inscription by his friend Garrick:—

“ Farewell, great painter of mankind!  
 Who reached the noblest point of art;  
 Whose pictured morals charm the mind,  
 And through the eye correct the heart.  
 If generous fire the reader stay—  
 If Nature touch thee, drop a tear—  
 If neither move thee, turn away—  
 For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here ! ”

On one side is the following inscription:—

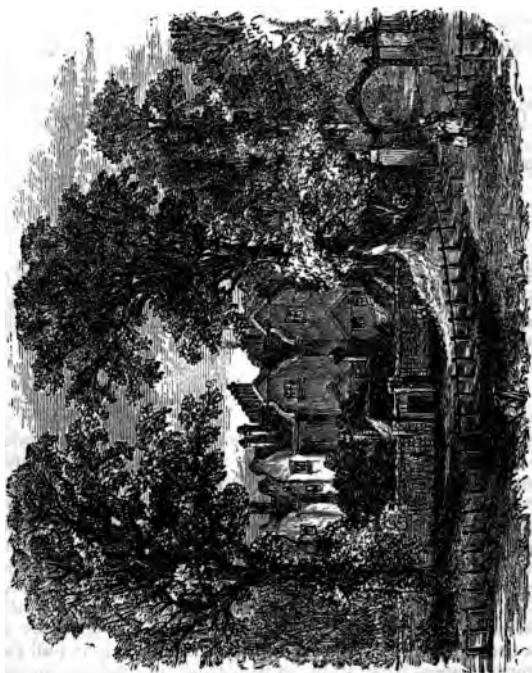
Here lieth the body of  
 WILLIAM HOGARTH, Esq.,  
 Who died Oct. 26, 1764,  
 Aged 67 years.

There are, however, other inscriptions relating to his wife, Jane, who died November 13, 1789, aged 80, and other members of his family. We have given sketches of both his house and grave.

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### KEW GARDENS IN 1840 AND 1860.

In the year 1837 our attention was called to the dilapidated state of Kew Gardens, and, being at the head of the only garden newspaper, we felt it our duty to call the authorities to account. We denounced the place and plants as a disgrace to the country, and reported in detail the dirt and vermin that infested the plants, their bad health, the want of proper labels, the ruinous state of the houses; and, having given the gardener a fair dressing, we said the country had a right to have it placed on a proper footing, or done away with. Of course, we had a hornet's nest about our ears. To dare to brave the authorities was a most presumptuous act, and all the trumpety papers that were in the habit of basking in the sunshine of Government patronage, attacked us right and left. They might as well have attacked Dover Castle. We reiterated our charges, and goaded the authorities into the appointment of three commissioners. We were summoned before a Treasury committee, and offered one of the appointments; but we respectfully declined, saying, that, as we had given our report, and stated what we thought necessary, we were not the proper



KEW GARDENS.

person to appoint. They suggested that Dr. Lindley should be one, and we suggested Mr. Paxton (now Sir Joseph) and Mr. Wilson, who were appointed accordingly, and, after very careful examination, confirmed all we had stated, and suggested the very measures that we had advocated. Nor did we rest our pen until everything was done as we had desired, and even more. Yet Dr. Hooker, in his "Guide to Kew," conceals all these facts. He most unfairly says:—

"Throughout the country an opinion *existed* which soon *began to be loudly expressed*, that either the Gardens should be entirely abolished, or placed upon a very different footing, and rendered available as a great scientific establishment, for the advantage of the public."

Why not have honestly stated who roused public opinion,\* and who insisted upon the Gardens being entirely abolished or made worthy of the nation? He tells us that the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury appointed a committee to inquire, and that the result was, that, in May, 1840, a return was made to the House of Commons in the shape of "a report from Dr. Lindley, who, at the desire of the committee, had surveyed the Gardens, in conjunction with two well-known practical gardeners." Not a word about the present Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Wilson being the well-known parties. And then, again, the two well-known practical gardeners, who, in fact, were by far the most important workers, are burked in another sentence:—"Many useful suggestions were offered *by Dr. Lindley* in the before-mentioned document," &c.; so that what we really begun, and two first-rate practical men, suggested by us, carried out, is placed to the credit of Dr. Lindley alone, who had nothing to do with it, till we, in common with himself, were invited "to inquire," &c. The real fact was, that the report was the joint work of Sir Joseph Paxton and Mr. Wilson, well-known practical gardeners, who alone found the judgment, and Dr. Lindley, who was not a practical gardener, which report we published at the time, because it confirmed everything we had written, and recommended everything we had suggested; and to that report does the public owe the conversion of Kew Gardens from a filthy, dilapidated place, crowded with sickly, lice-eaten plants, to its present high condition. Dr. Hooker has fully carried out our views in his office of curator, but every honest writer must condemn his very questionable attempt to give to Dr. Lindley the credit of what *we alone began*, by calling public attention and directing public opinion, and Messrs. Paxton and Wilson, certainly in con-

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\* What paper but the *Gardener's Gazette* expressed an opinion loudly?



junction with Dr. Lindley, ably carried forward, by confirming our principal charges against the establishment; but we never ceased urging on the authorities until all our suggestions were carried out. The Gardens are now open to the public, and whoever has not visited Kew Palace and Gardens has a treat to come. The importance of the place as a national garden has forced upon the authorities continued improvements. As there is abundant room, there will be continual additions of glass-houses. The palace (which is a small, red-brick dwelling, which, Sir William Hooker says, appears to be of the date of King James or Charles the First, was purchased, in 1781, for Queen Charlotte,) was long the favourite suburban residence of the royal family. We give the following from the newspapers of the day, showing that public works, once fairly started in the right direction, do not afterwards stand still for means, and that the public taste, once well directed, rapidly improves with the institutions that first excited and promoted it.

The number of visitors during the past year was 384,698, 20,000 fewer than those in 1858—a circumstance attributable, in the directors' opinion, to the wet spring and autumn, and the very sultry heat of the summer. In the department of the Botanic Garden, the most manifest improvement is in the increase of the general collection of plants. In pursuance of the instructions of the Board, the flower borders have been considerably increased, and a great number of the more gloomy evergreens have been removed, and replaced by flowering trees and shrubs. An alteration has been made in the arrangement of the plants and trees in the great palm-stove, which renders this magnificent house unique. All the palms, &c., some of which are sixty feet high, are now planted in the ground, so that the visitor now walks among them on a level with the lofty trunks, and obtains such an idea of their magnificence as has no parallel in Europe.

Great pains have been taken during the past year to improve the pleasure-grounds, or Arboretum, and there are two features in anticipation which will add greatly to the beauty and attractions of these grounds. One is the new lake, five acres in extent, now nearly completed; the other the erection of what has long been the great desideratum of the Gardens—a conservatory, or temperate greenhouse, on a scale commensurate with the extent and importance of this great national establishment, and destined for the reception of all trees and shrubs from extra tropical countries, especially our own colonies. As the contents of this structure will be of the same character as those hardy plants which constitute the Arboretum, it is intended to erect it within the pleasure-grounds, raised

on a terrace which will be parallel with, and near to, the fine Deodar Vista, leading to the pagoda.

### THE SHEEP.

WHO can estimate the value of sheep? Leaving all other considerations out of the question, what do we not owe them for their wool? It would take volumes only to enumerate the uses to which it is applied; and while the poorest beggar is glad of the most wretched bit of blanket to keep out the cold,



SHEEP WASHING.

"the woolsack is next to the throne." As the song says of the fleece:—

"It guards us awake and preserves us asleep,  
Night and day, then, thank Heaven that gave us the sheep."

Many a book has been written upon the management of the flock, but few have mentioned how important it is to wash them before shearing; although it is a custom almost all over the kingdom. If nothing else dictated it, the wool-buyers are said to give fifty per cent. more for wool that has been washed before shearing. The importance of the wool manufacture of Great Britain can scarcely be over-stated; for, in the year ending 5th

January, 1817, there was exported woollen goods to the enormous value of between eight and nine millions, independently of all that was consumed at home, and the amount has been increasing ever since. Ladies, perhaps, seldom think how much of their comfort and pleasure is derived from the most innocent of all animals, to say nothing of their warm clothing, night and day. They walk on woollen carpets; they do their fancy work with Berlin wool; they adorn their slippers, chairs, buffets, screens, and even dinner-mats, with worsted figures; they apply the poor animal's fleece in a hundred different ways; sit at their piano on a stool covered with his skin, and then sit down to table to eat his flesh and pick his bones.

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### OUR HORTICULTURAL WORKS.

IF a man may not review his own books, he may describe them without stepping much out of the way, and more especially when he can have no pecuniary interest in the number sold. The publishers' advertisement gives the title of several. It is well known to the gardening world that we wrote many of the treatises that appeared in the annuals of horticulture. Messrs. Houlston and Wright have collected some of the most popular into two volumes—one called "The Culture of Flowers and Plants," the other of "Fruits and Vegetables;" and in their present form they seem to have a new existence, and have been favourably received. They do not contain all we have written, by many; but, so far as they go, they comprise the cream of the papers in the work alluded to. "The Manual of Practical Gardening" is a full instruction for performing every operation in a garden. It does not relate to any particular fruit, flower, or vegetable, but describes the best method of digging, trenching, planting, pruning, grafting, and, in short, every operation in all the departments. The *Gardener's Chronicle* has given this a much higher character than we dare, but it has "gone off well," they say. "The Gardener's Every-Day Book" is unlike any other work on gardening, going, as it does, into the business of a year, and, so far as we can recollect, leaving nothing undone. "The Handy Book on Gardening" contains the shortest directions that can possibly be written, and "The Golden Rules for Gardeners," which, as a separate work, had an immense circulation, in one volume, in its new form, with a manual written to match, has, in a few months, reached its sixth thousand. "The Properties of Flowers and Plants"—our greatest, though one of our smallest works—was written chiefly in 1832, and was destined to improve the races of all the subjects on which it

treats, and elevate the taste for flowers throughout the floral world, by laying down the points which would constitute perfection, and thereby directing the raisers of new things to those changes which they should encourage. The work has been accepted as the law in judging novelties throughout Europe, America, and the British Colonies, and though dishonourably copied without acknowledgment by Johnson, Turner, Beck, Wildman, Dickson, Wood, Edwards, and other writers equally incompetent to originate an idea themselves, and content to profit by the brains of others, has, in its present collected form, had what the theatricals call "an immense run." This little book is the acknowledged guide for judges at all horticultural shows in this country and elsewhere. "Gardening for the Million" was written for distribution amongst cottage gardeners and allotment holders, and has run through nineteen editions—one of 10,000, the others 5,000 each. After all, the public are the best judges, and they have been very indulgent to us. "The Handbook to the Flower Garden and Greenhouse," published by Kent and Company, has gone through many editions, and a new one is now issuing. "The Garden Almanack," which we have conducted twenty-three years, has increased every year, until we calculate the readers at 60,000. The *Gardener's Gazette* was the original garden newspaper, but was opposed by the gardeners themselves with a wretched paper, which, nevertheless, drew off our readers by one of the most artful and wicked schemes that ever entered the mind of man. The readers were promised relief in sickness, annuities in old age, and assistance to widows and orphans. We struggled four years against this unequal foe, and then, having exhausted our means in the hope they would break down, were obliged to give way, and, too late for us, they were beggared and bankrupt, and two thousand pounds in debt; but as our *Gazette* was stopped for want of means to bear up against a weekly loss before they failed, their stoppage did us no good. However, we revived the *Gazette* as a monthly paper, in July, 1857, intending to make it weekly at some future time; and the paper has now a large circulation amongst persons who like to read the truth, however disagreeable it may be to others, and who value articles calculated to elevate the minds and morals of the great body of gardeners; for, notwithstanding, as a body, they ruined our first *Gazette*, we do them all the service we can, because they were misled by schemers who were too idle to work, and lived upon the contributions of the body as long as they could keep up the deception; they thus destroyed the savings of many a hard-working gardener. We continue our *Gazette* monthly, because we are employed weekly on "Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper" and

"Lloyd's," and therefore have no temptation to increase our labour. With regard to the merit of the several works, we have described what we intended them to be, and the public must decide how far we have carried our intentions out.

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### MR. RIVERS ON FRUIT TREES.

MR. RIVERS is one of the few—very few—writers

"Who know what's right; not only so,  
But always practise what they know."

He is no bookworm; he does not hunt up and copy what his forefathers had written, and remodel them, like your Johnsons and their journeymen scribblers; but, having established a system of his own, he describes it plainly, so that a novice may follow his instructions and succeed. His "Miniature Fruit Garden" is a book that the cottager may study with advantage; for, by that, he would learn how to cultivate a little orchard in a very few rods of ground, and that simply by root-pruning. This operation throws trees into bearing very early, and ought to be performed once in two years, if not annually. But Mr. Rivers shall speak for himself. At page 12, he says:—

"Pyramidal pear trees on the quince stock, *where the fruit garden is small*, and the real gardening artist feels pleasure in keeping them in a healthy and fruitful state by perfect control over the roots, should be annually operated upon as follows:—A trench should be dug round the tree, about eighteen inches from its stem, every autumn, just after the fruit is gathered, if the soil be sufficiently moist—if not, it will be better to wait till the usual autumnal rains have fallen; the roots should then be carefully examined, and those inclined to perpendicular growth cut with the spade, which must be introduced quite under the tree to meet on all sides, so that no root can possibly escape amputation. All the horizontal roots should be shortened with a knife to within a circle of eighteen inches from the stem,\* and all brought as near to the surface as possible, filling in the trench with compost for the roots to rest on. The trench may then be filled with the compost (well-rotted dung and the mould from an old hotbed, equal parts, will answer exceedingly well); the surface should then be covered with some half-rotted dung, and the roots left till the following autumn brings its annual care. It may be found that, after a few years of root-pruning, the circumferential mass of fibres will have become too much crowded with small roots; in such cases, thin out some of the roots, shortening them at nine inches or one foot from the stem. This will cause them to give out fibres, so that the entire circle of three feet or more round the tree

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\* If they have not spread to this extent the first season, or even the second, they need not be pruned, but merely brought near to the surface and spread out.

will be full of fibrous roots near the surface, waiting with open mouths for the nourishment annually given to them by surface dressings and liquid manure."

Mr. Rivers, in this book, gives the plainest instructions for the economical growth of all kinds of fruit, and whoever takes the slightest interest in fruit cultivation should invest half-a-crown in the purchase of "The Miniature Fruit Garden," for the return will be manifold.

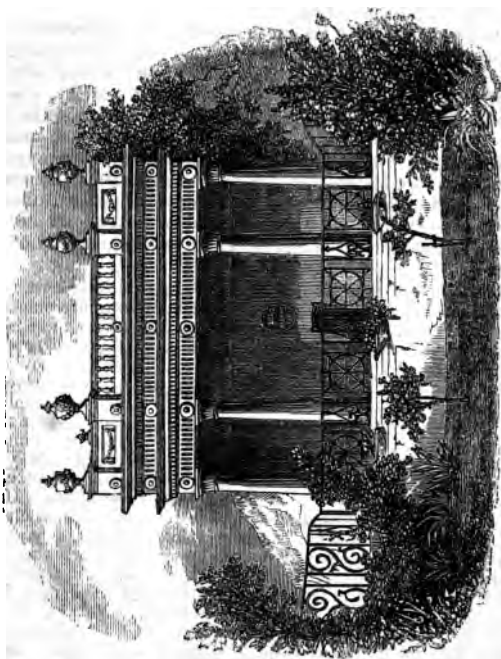
"The Orchard House" is another purely original work, showing that fruit trees, under glass, may be cultivated with great success in pots. In works of this kind, where the real value of the information they contain consists in its novelty, copious extracts are manifestly unfair towards the author. Orchard houses may be cheaply built after Mr. Rivers's plan, and, as they have no fire heat, they are maintained at little expense. It strikes us forcibly that everybody who reads this little work will be growing fruit trees in pots, and turn their greenhouses into orchard-houses. As we do not think it fair to quote Mr. Rivers's instructions, we shall merely give the summary of the effects:—

"Now, let us see what we may expect from this treatment. The apricot, the peach, the nectarine, as is well known, all come from the East. We will take Persia or Armenia. The winter there is dry and very severe; the spring dry, with hot sun and piercing wind, just when peaches and apricots are in full bloom, and yet how they succeed! Let any one go into an orchard house when we have our usual March weather: the wind will whistle through it, and the climate will be dry, sunny, and bracing; the blossoms, under these circumstances, will all set. Unfortunately, we cannot command sunshine enough to carry us along, to make our fruit ripen in May and June, as in warmer climates; we must, therefore, wait patiently, for our orchard-house climate is slow but sure in its operations. If the above directions are followed, Eastern nature is imitated as closely as our cloudy skies permit. The trees bloom in a dry, airy place; they pass through a comparatively dry, warm summer; they are, like all trees natives of dry climates, early in a state of perfect rest, which is continued all through the winter, and thus they form healthy shoots and well-developed blossom-buds. Nothing in culture can be more perfect, and all is so simple, that, knowing as I do with what facility it is performed, I regret being obliged to use so many words in describing it."

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#### NELSON'S HOUSE, AT MERTON.

LORD NELSON enjoyed his summer retreat at Merton but little. When he had delivered his squadron into the hands of Cornwallis, the hero returned to England with the intention to enjoy leisure and repose with his friends. He had scarcely



NELSON'S HOUSE, AT MERTON.

been at Merton a month, when Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with dispatches, called early in the morning. Upon seeing him, Nelson exclaimed :—"I am sure you bring me news of the Spanish fleet! I think I shall have to beat them yet."—(They had joined the fleet from Ferrol, and had got safe to Cadiz.)—"Depend upon it, Blackwood, I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." After the Captain left him, he appeared quite agitated, but affected to be perfectly easy. His friends, however, perceived that he was anxious to be again in service; that his whole mind was bent upon meeting the combined fleet, which he considered as his own property, and that he would be the most miserable man living if any but himself did the business. He again offered his services, which were readily accepted by the First Lord of the Admiralty, who gave him a list of the fleet, and bade him choose his own officers. He reached Portsmouth after an absence of only twenty-five days. He was hailed with joy wherever he went; numbers followed him to the shore, and many, when they saw him embark, knelt down to offer up their prayers for his success. But he returned no more alive. He fought the great battle of Trafalgar, and fell in the moment of victory. To the disgrace of England, his unfinished column stands in Trafalgar-square a monument of his countrymen's ingratitude. This is not the place to record his victories; but for years he saw little of his country residence.

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#### NURSES AND NURSING—HEALTH AND DISEASE.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE's book has drawn forth articles from almost every quarter upon the popular and important subject of nursing. From her practical mind it assumes the character of a social science; and rules are laid down by which not only all around may know at once the true material of a good nurse, but the patient himself is armed with evidence to become his own judge of that rare commodity. In the sensible views taken by Miss Nightingale, we find everywhere the fullest corroboration, and it is not in any respect to detract from the great merits due to this estimable lady, that we would direct attention to the chapter on "Nurses and Nursing" in Dr. Benjamin Ridge's book on "Health and Disease," for he also urges that early habits and education are requisite to make a good nurse. Not only are Dr. Ridge's instructions on this subject useful and succinct, but his general views and treatment in promoting health, and aiding its restoration when lost, are of that character which exhibits a large and diligent amount of practical experience. No one that we have ever heard of has



established a given point of health, and, consequently, a point for disease to start from. Dr. Ridge, however, clearly shows that certain laws must regulate all those disorders of a congestive type, which are the most numerous and prevalent, before the system can possibly be invested with those of an inflammatory action, or produce fevers. His treatment by medicine and diet, and judicious nursing, appear so convincing and certain in their actions, that, while they give a popularity to his work, which it really deserves, must ultimately yield the largest fame to himself as a practical and safe physician. We recommend Dr. Ridge's article on "Rheumatism" (the Gardener's Scourge), written at our own desire for "Glenny's Garden Almanack, 1860," to general observation and notice; and we have reprinted it in two portions in the "Gardener's Gazette," for no class suffers more than gardeners from that excruciating disorder.

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### COTTAGE GARDENING.

THE success of the allotment system is highly gratifying, but we are sorry to observe that in many places the benevolent people who are promoting it by letting small pieces of ground seem especially to have taken care of themselves. Now, we consider it a very cruel thing to impose upon the poor creatures who take small allotments, at a rental of 1s. per rod; and we do know that this, which is at the rate of £8 an acre, prevails in many places, and is a good deal too much. We should not think so much of it, if the *benevolent* landlords were less pretending; but there is something odd in seeing one of these gentlemen spouting at a meeting about the advantages of promoting industry among the cottagers by the creation of small gardens, and, next, parting his acres, which are worth from £1 to £3, into small allotments at the rate of £8! We have a great desire to serve the cottager, and we call upon those who now demand a shilling a rod to at once reduce it to half; for a poor man, whose labour is his only property, can as ill afford to pay £8 an acre as the farmer who employs him. If this be not attended to on the part of the *benevolent* landlords, we shall be very apt to expose a system so fraught with evil. It is the same kind of offence, in the moral scale, as charging double price for anything the poor man cannot do without, and it is discreditable to make a property of the poor man's prudence. We do not intend to mention names; there are among the parties many who should rather give land rent-free than charge too much, because they are wealthy and could afford it. The cottage gardener cannot be too much encouraged; parishes

should procure ground, and allot it at low rents, if they have none of their own to divide, for men are never idle in the strict sense of the word. They must be doing something; when they are not earning money they are spending it, unless they find some inviting occupation; and there is no better test of a man's industry, frugality, and general disposition than a little garden. There is an air of independence about the man who can grow his own vegetables; and his family has the advantage of his productive labour in the garden while he is adding to his own enjoyments. How very desirable, then, is it to encourage such industry by every means in our power, instead of imposing upon it a tax of double rental. "Ladies and gentlemen, pray let us have to record, on no very remote occasion, a general reduction of rent to the same standard as if it were paid by the acre."

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### PEDESTALS AND VASES.

WE have already noticed pedestals and vases as the production of one company; and, now that we have a score of different manufactories supplying examples of these ornaments in terra cotta, stone, marble, bronze, and iron, we may say a word or two in behalf of vases, as the most natural and appropriate subjects in different parts of the garden. We need hardly say we prefer them to the human figure, except near the architectural portion of the domain. On a terrace they are admirable; and whether it be Flora or Pomona, Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter, Father Time, or Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, no matter; figures are tolerable, in fact, admirable within the precincts of the mansion and its flights of steps, terraces, balustrades, and near architectural or artificial fountains, round the conservatory, and by the side of straight walks. But no figure can be more appropriate than a vase filled with flowers, and it would be difficult to put it out of place. The advantage of a vase is, that you can change the flowers in it as often as you please, and make it, as it were, new every time. The floral beauties may be any one colour, or mixed. We have seen a series of these vases—one, brilliant with scarlet geraniums, another with the bright orange nasturtiums, a third with the blue lobelia speciosa, others with verbenas of particular colours, calceolarias, roses, all forming but one mass of the same colour; others, much larger, were mixed, but finely diversified in flower and foliage. But above all things to be avoided by gardeners of any taste, is that silly fashion of forming round rings of the various colours. One principal object in filling large vases is to make the outer row of subjects inclined to ramble, and



VASE FOR SINGLE PLANT.

allowing them to hang over the edge. The lobelias, some verbenas and tropæolums, have this habit; and, with this circle things of dwarf but compact habits, and nearer the centre, geraniums, fuchsias, and calceolarias; but not in rings, for that always gives an artificial appearance, not at all in keeping. Some vases are in themselves very handsome, and only adapted for one plant, such as an aloe or yucca, or in summer a pine-apple, for, notwithstanding all the heat we give them, we have known them grow a whole summer out of doors. Our sketch gives a good idea of one of these vases with a single plant, and the effect is good; nevertheless, it should be grown in a pot, and the pot placed in the vase, so that it can be changed whenever it may be desirable.

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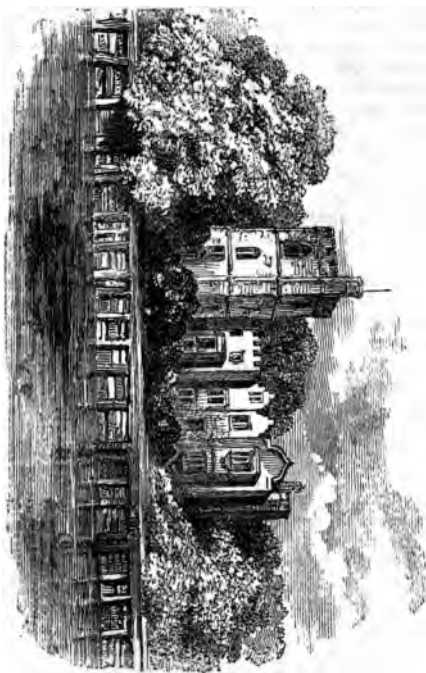
### FULHAM.

FULHAM, always noted for its productive gardens, is also the home of the Bishop of London for the time being, and the episcopal palace and church are its most important buildings. In a history of this town and vicinity, it is said, "Fulham may be justly denominated the great fruit and kitchen garden, north of the Thames, for the supply of the London market." It may also boast of one of the oldest nurseries, and another of, perhaps, the most productive; the former in the occupation of Messrs. Osborne and Sons, the other in that of Alexander Dancer, both celebrated in their way—the former for, perhaps, the most extensive collection of hardy trees, shrubs, and plants; the latter for conifers, American plants—especially rhododendrons—and camellias. The produce of the market gardens is enormous, of which some idea may be formed when we mention that from that occupied by Mr. Clark (late Fitch's) there have been in a single year produced 5,000 punnets of forced radishes and 288,000 bunches or hands of natural growth, 3,000 dozen bunches of greens, 26,000 dozen of cabbages, and as many as 2,830 dozen in one day, 400 dozen bunches of wallflowers, 800 dozen bunches of moss-roses, as many as 400 dozen of handglass or early cauliflowers; we have seen 28 acres of French beans; 600 bundles of asparagus have been sent to market in a single day. Besides these, which are official returns from the books of the concern, all the other market garden produce have been upon the same gigantic scale; for instance, 10,000 score of lettuces between the 21st of May and 23rd of June; but we might half fill the book with the statistics of this one market garden. However, since the death of the last of the Fitches, some of the ground has been given up, and

we fear a good deal of the market ground will be taken for building, and the fashion of late adopted by the builders is to allow no ground for gardens.

The church is a fine old building, near the Thames, whence the view is exceedingly picturesque, as may be seen by our sketch. At the west end is a handsome Gothic tower, ninety-five feet in height, and is supposed to have been built about the fourteenth century. "When the church was repaired in 1798, the Gothic battlements of the tower were thrown down and modern ones substituted in their place," says Faulkner, "by which the uniformity of this admirable specimen of Gothic architecture was much defaced." Bowack says, "At the north entrance, against the wall, are several coats of arms on each side of the door, some of which are quite defaced." Pity it is that Ransome's silicate was not understood before, that by simply washing stone over twice, renders it impervious to weather, and even now, where there is enough to preserve, it can be stayed from further ravages of time, which it would, in the opinion of many learned professors, seem to defy; and there are many stones in the churchyard that families, who have any regard for these memorials of the dead, would do well to preserve, instead of allowing them to lose all traces of inscriptions. Few churches boast more ancient and interesting monuments, but their number preclude all further mention; suffice to say that it is very desirable that further decay should be prevented in those exposed to the weather, for many of them are of great historical importance. If we step out of our way a little, we have the old-established nursery of the late Joseph Knight, in the King's-road, now in the occupation of Messrs. Vietch and Son, the most richly-stocked nursery, perhaps, in the kingdom. No great distance from it the far-famed Cremorne Gardens, now as celebrated for the rational enjoyment of thousands among the parterres and music as it was once for noisy revelry; the reform being complete under the management of Thomas B. Simpson, Esq., who has made it a gem in the way of flowers, statuary, and rockwork, and who has rendered it famous by the building of an enormous pavilion, which has been several times formed into an American garden by Messrs. Waterer and Godfrey. The establishment has been highly patronised by the nobility and gentry, and Her Majesty has honoured it by a royal visit, and expressed her admiration. Since the closing of the gardens in 1859 the proprietor has constructed a magnificent grotto, which we cannot well describe. We enter under an arch formed in an immense pile of rock, studded with shells; ferns and flowers are growing out of a thousand fissures, and in various niches there are appropriate devices; within,

PULHAM



the sides, and roof where there is any, are of the same character; and in the centre of an immense space thus occupied is a splendid conservatory, in which are the choicest exotics, and two beautiful fountains, besides which the rock is dripping water. There are outside the conservatory, but within the grotto, arches which reach, nobody can tell where, and as the roofs drop water rather copiously, none will care to explore; but as the more we describe it the further we seem from doing justice to what we must call an unique and highly-interesting, but most elaborate, work of its kind, we must refer our readers to the object itself. The American garden under the enormous pavilion is always the work of the largest American growers in the kingdom, and has been the admiration of everybody, even of those who have spared no expense to enjoy such a feature in their own establishments. Four or five thousand rhododendrons, azalias, and kalmias in full bloom, tastefully arranged in beds and borders, can only be appreciated when seen. The manner in which the gravel-walks, greensward, and gorgeous masses of flowers of all colours are managed, renders the so-called American garden a fairy scene, and puts all other flower-shows in the shade. Messrs. Waterer and Godfrey, of Knap-hill, are busily arranging the garden at the moment we are writing, and their exhibition of 1860 is about to surpass all their former ones, and the gardens out-of-doors are greatly improved since last year.

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#### FANCY FLOWER POTS FOR WINDOWS AND ROOMS.

WE have frequently had to caution ladies against growing plants in fancy flower pots for many reasons, but particularly the following: *First*, If glazed, they are not good for the plant, and if unglazed they stain and soon become unsightly. *Secondly*, Because when the plant has lost its beauty it cannot be changed without risk and difficulty, and therefore the lady must exhibit her fancy flower pots with ugly plants, or put them on one side and not exhibit them at all. *Thirdly*, If plants must be grown in them, and a succession kept up, there must be a number of them in use, and the breakage, which cannot be avoided, will be serious. To obviate these evils, a sufficient number for display should be chosen, of such sizes as will best suit the places they are to occupy, and the plants to ornament or furnish them should be grown in pots just large enough to go inside. They can be then always supplied with subjects in high perfection, which may be changed when they cease to be perfect. The ordinary flower pot may be covered with moss,

**GARDEN FORGET-ME-NOT.**

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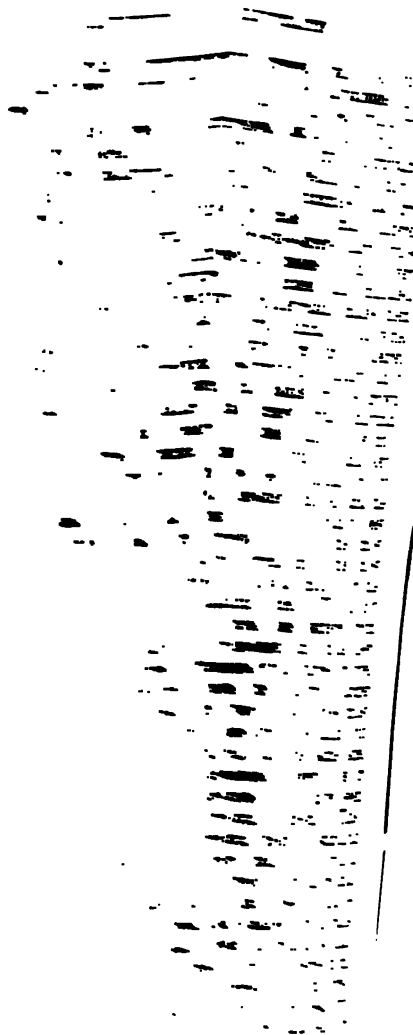
**FANCY FLOWER POTS**

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SUSPENDED FLOWER BASKETS.

and the fancy one, when properly dressed, will look quite as well as if the plant were grown in it. One advantage in this is, that we need only go to the expense of one set, which winter and summer can be kept well furnished, and as they will not be damaged, nor even soiled, we may be a little extravagant. China is a favourite material, and most beautifully they are made. Those which we have given as examples had great praise at the Crystal Palace. They are made of many different materials. Phillips, the potter, at Weston-super-Mare, whose advertisement appears in the Appendix, makes them of very superior clay, and in many patterns, both glazed and unglazed, and they are cheap. Ball, of Deptford, Sunderland, makes them of red ware. But they may be had of iron, china, delph, stone, marble, terra cotta, and glass, all of which are much dearer, and many of them elegant beyond description. Many fancy pots are made of the garden pot ware, that plants may be grown in them; but unless it be for plants that rarely want shifting, and never get shabby, it is bad policy to take fancy pots into working use. Orange trees, which may be stunted and kept for years in the same pot, may do, but we see nothing got by it, because a fancy one can always hold another inside, and the others can best stand wear and tear. Of the plants best adapted for fancy flower pots, the fuchsia is one of the most graceful, if grown properly. The scarlet geranium is the most compact; the calceolaria, if well-chosen, is a good match for the geranium; and lobelia speciosa is a dazzling blue. We do not say they will always remain so, but when one suffers from heat, cold, or confinement, change it for another, and thus keep up the beauty. A window is best furnished with three or five, because uniformity can be observed when the centre is larger than the outside. If four are used, the two outside ones must be the same size, and the two inner ones must be alike, but there would be no impropriety in having all four the same size. But there is a growing fashion for suspended flower pots or baskets, of which we have supplied sketches. We have seen these filled with mould, and plants growing in them. This, however, is more objectionable than growing them in standing pots. Plants for hanging baskets, not more than one of which should be in the same window, ought to droop over all round. In ordinary sitting-rooms verbenas will do, and these should be grown on purpose in other pots, broad and shallow, or in pans round the edge, and trained to hang down all round, so that they may be placed in the swinging basket when in perfection, to be changed for others grown for the purpose, when the first is past its prime. *Nemophila insignia*, *lobelia speciosa*, ivy leaf geranium, *tropæolums* of several kinds, are adapted for



SUSPENDED FLOWER BASKETS.

hanging pots, and should be all grown for the purposes of change; and the plants which are in the best order should always be chosen, for if you had twenty growing, some would be better than others. There are fine examples of hanging pots or baskets at the Crystal Palace. In conservatories, where they can grow stove plants, there are many gaudy subjects that cannot be kept in an ordinary sitting-room; but even these would last a week or ten days, and, after doing their best, may be taken back to their moist and warm home, to be reinstated in health, and perhaps do duty again.

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### THE POTATO DISEASE.—WHAT IS IT?

WHEN this first appeared on a great scale, we made up our minds, and printed our opinion, that it was an atmospheric attack, and while all the learned *savans* were making discoveries on which no two agreed, we reiterated our first opinion. Electricity, we know, will decompose anything animal or vegetable, and a portion so decomposed will rapidly poison the rest. We had seen the tops of the haulm attacked; we had cut some down directly and saved the crop, though it was only half-grown; we had left others to their fate and seen them destroyed. We had observed the disease on potatoes in frames under glass, and lime applied promptly with good effect, for it burned up the poisoned portions, and the disease went no further. We have seen the crop destroyed on every description of land, in every situation; and the same season we have, on all the different soils, found crops perfectly sound; so that there was no difficulty in concluding that soil and situation had nothing to do with it. As a further proof of this, we have seen a breadth attacked (on one occasion a couple of rods wide), not along or across, but obliquely, from one corner of the field to the other, sweeping over a portion of every land in the field, and the rest of the crop as sound as possible. Of those attacked, which appeared as if scorched by fire, we recommended the greater part to be mowed off; some were left to see the result, and that was confirmatory of our earliest opinions. Of those that were not affected the crop was fine. Those which were mowed off, ripened, but were little more than half-grown, and were also perfectly sound; while of those left to themselves, the decomposition had descended to the roots, and the tubers were nearly all putrid. Only last season all our crop was touched in one day, and they were of various kinds grown for seed. We pointed this out to many of our neighbours, and ordered them to be cut down close directly. The result was as

sound a crop as was ever dug out of ground, but all half-grown, though perfectly ripe. There is a difficulty in liming an outdoor crop, because, if a bit of the poisoned haulm be left uncovered, the plant is sure to perish; but there is no difficulty in cutting off all the haulm, and by that, if done immediately, saving the crop, though the tubers get no larger. The discoveries of the learned professors upset each other. One found it was the "aphis vastator," a fly similar to, if not identical with, the aphids, which attack our house plants and roses. Another attributed it to canker; a third to mildew, fungi, and we know not how many other enemies, every one of these learned gentlemen mistaking the effect for the cause. We do not deny that they have found all these things when decomposition has taken place, but we have abundant reasons for believing, if not knowing, that electricity is the cause of decomposition wherever it strikes, and that it is as sure to affect the whole, when only a portion is struck, if it be left to pursue its course. What else can attack so suddenly and so arbitrarily? destroying some plants and leaving others unscathed, although close to each other. What is cholera but that powerful and universal agent? A man is struck down and decomposed in a few hours. If it be supposed that we mean by electricity actual thunder and lightning, our readers are wrong. The air is sometimes so charged, that everything like a conductor may be affected without any strange appearance. But we have seen potatoes which exhibited unequivocal signs of disease immediately after a storm of thunder and lightning; this was the case with our own last year, when the tops appeared black and shrivelled. No doubt in twenty-four hours the professors could have found all the varieties of plague which they called *causes* instead of *effects*. But it is now pretty generally admitted that the first attack is atmospheric; and when we see that the electric fluid will strike a man dead while his companion is not hurt, and two or three animals are killed in the midst of a hundred, or a tree split from top to bottom while its companions of the forest are untouched, we need not wonder at its silent but fatal effects on vegetation. It may be fairly inquired whether the potato, in any particular stage of growth or decay, is more or less of a conductor. But it is quite certain that no soil, sort, situation, or conditions, secure them from an attack. Upon the whole, therefore, we see nothing in all the writings of the learned professors to shake our opinion. We have no great faith in the supposition that the red spider, mealy bug, aphids, mildew, or any other of the thousand insect plagues attack healthy plants; we believe they are the effects of ill health. When roses grow too fast and the stems are too soft and juicy, they are the food

sought by green fly, and are peopled, if we may call it so, in twenty-four hours. If they are allowed to remain, they will destroy all the ends of the shoots. If stove or greenhouse plants are neglected and receive a check, they are out of health before it is noticed, and their thousands of enemies are at work. Nine times out of ten the gardener is only awakened to the state of a plant by the appearance of the foe, and then he sets to work to get rid of it. We know that there are enemies that are as "Lord Mayor's Fools," liking everything that is good, but they are well understood. The caterpillar, the snail, slug, earwig, and wasps, are judges of what is good, and must be destroyed, or they will have it. But those millions of insects, thrip, plant-louse, bug, red spider, and such like insidious foes, that are unseen until mischief is done, have a singular taste for neglected things out of health, and, so far as we have noticed, only attack things that are sickly. All things suffering from a dry atmosphere, or a stagnant, damp one—things damaged by a check or excited to a plethora—things kept too hot or too cold—are all subject to the enemy; but we are never plagued till we are neglectful. With regard, however, to the potato disease, one of the insect discoverers, Dr. Smee, attributed it to the *aphis*, because he saw them feeding on diseased plants. Mr. Weightman has confidently asserted that it is a ravenous insect, too small to be seen by the naked eye, and he has found it on all the diseased potatoes. So he might see a raven feeding on a dead carcase, and conclude that he caused the death. In short, every supposed discoverer of the evil, in what he saw upon or in the diseased root or plant, was simply reversing the order of things, and mistaking the EFFECT for the CAUSE. Such, at least, is our conviction, and we believe that this same potato disease did more towards bringing science into contempt than any other event of the present century. Starting with the potato commissioners' report, and reading through all the after pamphlets, treatises, and tracts, none could rise from the perusal without coming to the conclusion that such science was a very great enemy to sound practice, and that common sense was very scarce among professors. We had an acquaintance once who stood very high as a scholar and a gentleman, but in conversation upon any practical subject he was a fool. All his academic honours were earned by a sort of parrot learning, but he was just such an idiot as he who cut open the bellows to see where the wind came from. Of course, some kind patron gave him a "living" in the country, and we lost him. All this shows that a page of practice is worth a volume of theory, and that the most learned teachers are lost upon any subject which they cannot find in books; but we

strongly recommend them to pay greater respect to atmospheric influence, and investigate thoroughly the phenomena produced by electricity in its various forms, for they may rest assured that it is one of the principal performers on the world's stage, and plays many a part which nothing else can touch.

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### HERNE'S OAK.

IN introducing this subject, we are obliged to give examples of the controversies that arise upon matters of history, in the



absence of positive facts. Conflicting evidence is always to be regretted, and especially among men of research. We shall give a portion of this controversy, and a sketch of the right and the wrong oak; but if our readers are desirous of knowing which is which, we must quote the words of a high authority—



*The Penny Showman*, who was asked, "which was the lions, and which was the tigers?" and his answer was pointed enough: "Whichever you please, my little dears; you pays your money, and takes your choice." So it is with our oaks; for we confess, that, knowing Mr. Jesse to have access to the best information upon all subjects connected with the parks and palaces, we cannot fall in with those whose information is not nearly so circumstantial, and who, after all, have but hearsay evidence. We have allowed the controversialists to tell their own tales, and we merely call attention to Mr. Jesse's narrative, which appears to us full and conclusive. The fact of making the direction of an avenue diverge, to save the oak, goes with us a long way in the summing up of evidence; and Mr. Loudon was not a man to adopt idly a disputed printed account without inquiry, nor without being well satisfied with the evidence. It is the province of historians to search and strictly investigate evidence, but too many fancy they show their talent in proportion as they can shake received and apparently confirmed traditions. But Mr. Jesse could have had no interest in anything but the truth, while the "old women of Windsor," not two of whom would give the same account of a coach accident or a fire, are about the best witnesses the *Quarterly* refers to by way of contradiction. However, the controversy is worth reading.

The existence of this venerable tree, which is associated with the memory of Shakespeare, has lately been denied. An interesting communication has appeared from Mr. Jesse, of Hampton Court, which completely established the fact that Herne's Oak, though now "sapless and leafless," still stands in Windsor Park, and, for aught we know, marks the spot where the "fairy elves" now dance "o' nights." The story told lately in the *Quarterly Review*, that George III., in a fit of excitement, ordered Herne's Oak to be cut down, having been satisfactorily disposed of, Mr. Jesse proceeds:—

"Soon after the circumstance referred to took place, three large old oak trees were blown down in a gale of wind in the Little Park, and one of them was supposed by persons, who probably took little trouble to inquire into the real facts of the case, to have been Herne's Oak. This windfall was cut up into small pieces, and sold to carpenters and cabinet-makers in the neighbourhood, who found it very profitable in calling the articles they made a part of Herne's Oak, and disposing of them as Shakesperian reliques. These circumstances combined might probably give rise to a report in the newspapers of the day that Herne's Oak was no longer in existence. It would, however, have been a kind act if the reviewer of the *Quarterly* had informed the public in what year, and at what date, the particulars he mentions are to be found in the newspapers he

refers to. To set the matter at rest, however, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's Oak by Mr. Ingalt, the respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He stated that he was appointed to that situation by George III., about forty (now seventy) years ago. On receiving his appointment, he was directed to attend upon the King at the Castle, and on arriving there, he found his Majesty with 'the old Lord Winchilsea.' After a little delay, the King set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchilsea, and Mr. Ingalt was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him, until the King stopped opposite an oak tree. He then turned to Mr. Ingalt, and said, 'I brought you here to point out this tree to you. I commit it to your especial charge, and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down, than that this oak should be hurt. *This is Herne's Oak.*' Mr. Ingalt added, that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and is the same tree which I have mentioned, and given a sketch of in my 'Gleanings in Natural History.' Sapless and leafless it certainly is, and its rugged bark has all disappeared.

" 'Its boughs are moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with grey antiquity.'

But there it stands, and long may it do so, an object of interest to every admirer of our immortal bard. In this state it has been probably long before the recollection of the oldest person living. Its trunk appears, however, sound, like a piece of ship timber, and it has always been protected by a strong fence round it—a proof of the care which has been taken with the tree, and of the interest which is attached to it.

"Having stated the above fact, I may add, that George III. was perfectly incapable of the duplicity of having pointed out a tree to Mr. Ingalt as Herne's Oak, if he had previously ordered the real Herne's Oak to be cut down. I have also the authority of one of the members of the present Royal Family for stating, that George III. always mentioned the tree now standing as Herne's Oak. King William III. was a great planter of avenues, and to him we are indebted for those in Hampton Court and Bushy Parks, and also those at Windsor. All these have been made in a straight line, with the exception of one in the Home Park, which diverges a little, so as to take in Herne's Oak as a part of the avenue—a proof, at least, that William III. preferred distorting his avenue to cutting down the tree, in order to make way for it in a direct line, affording another instance of the care taken of this tree 150 years ago. I might multiply proofs as to the identity of this interesting tree, were it necessary to do so. The reviewer of the *Quarterly* refers me to the old women of Windsor. I will only add, that, had that gentleman taken the same trouble that I have done to ascertain from the descendants of Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page which they considered to be the real Herne's Oak, he would have been told that they had often danced round it in their younger days, 'had couched in the pit hard by,' and that it was still standing, although

" 'A hardened stump, bleach'd to a snowy white.'"

In 1838, the following passage appeared in the *Quarterly Review* :—

"Among his anecdotes of celebrated English oaks, we are surprised to find Mr. Loudon adopting (at least, so we understand him) an apocryphal story about Herne's Oak, given in the lively pages of Mr. Jesse's 'Gleanings.' That gentleman, if he had taken any trouble, might have ascertained that the tree in question was cut down one morning by order of King George III., when in a state of great, but transient, excitement. The circumstance caused much regret and astonishment at the time, and was commented on in the newspapers. The oak which Mr. Jesse would decorate with Shakespearian honours stands at a considerable distance from the real Simon Pure. Every old woman in Windsor knows all about the facts."

Mr. Jesse replied to this statement of the *Quarterly Review* in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Times*. From this time, the existence or non-existence of Herne's Oak has been a subject of controversy. The arguments on either side are given in Mr. Knight's "Shakespeare," from which we copy the following details :—

"The memory of the editor carries him back to Windsor as it was forty years ago. The Castle was then almost uninhabited. The King and his family lived in an ugly barrack-looking building, called the Queen's Lodge, which stood opposite the south front of the Castle. The great quadrangle, the terrace, and every part of the Home Park, was a free playground for the boys of Windsor. The path to Datchet passed immediately under the south terrace, direct from west to east, and it abruptly descended into the Lower Park, at a place called Dodd's Hill. From this path several paths diverged in a south-easterly direction towards the dairy at Frogmore, and one of these went close by a little dell, in which long, rank grass, and fern, and low thorn, grew in profusion. Near this dell stood several venerable oaks. Our earliest recollections associate this place with birds'-nests and mushrooms; but some five or six years later, we came to look here for the 'oak with great ragged horns,' to which we had been introduced in the newly-discovered world of Shakespeare. There was an oak, whose upper branches were much decayed, standing some thirty or forty yards from the deep side of the dell; and there was another oak, with fewer branches, whose top was also bare, standing in the line of the avenue near the back wall. We have heard each of these oaks called Herne's Oak; but the application of the name to the oak in the avenue is certainly more recent. That tree, as we first recollect it, had not its trunk bare. Its dimensions were comparatively small, and it seemed to us to have no pretensions to the honour which it occasionally received. The old people, however, used to say that Herne's Oak was cut down or blown down, and certainly our own impressions were that Herne's Oak was gone. One thing, however, consoled us. The little dell was assuredly 'the pit hard by Herne's

Oak,' in which Anne Page and her troops of fairies 'couched with obscured lights.' And so we for ever associated this dell with Shakespeare.

"The oak which Mr. Jesse calls Herne's Oak is now perfectly bare down to the very roots. 'In this state,' says Mr. Jesse, 'it has been probably long before the recollection of the oldest persons living.' He adds, 'It has always been protected by a strong fence round it.' In our own recollection, this tree was unprotected by any fence, and its upper part only was withered and without bark. So



far from Herne the Hunter having blasted it, it appears to have suffered a premature decay within the last twenty years. This tree is of small girth compared with other trees about it. It is not more than fifteen feet in circumference at the largest part, while there is a magnificent oak at about two hundred yards distance, whose girth is nearly thirty feet.

"The doubts which naturally belong to this question are, we apprehend, sufficiently cogent to render it a somewhat bold act for the authorities connected with the park to have recently put up a board on Mr. Jesse's favourite tree in the avenue, bearing this inscription:—

" 'There is an old tale goes that Herne the Hunter,  
Some time a keeper here in Windsor forest,  
Doth all the winter-time, at *full* midnight,  
Walk round about this oak.' "

" The subject has been recently investigated with great acuteness by Dr. Bromet, and his conclusions are given in a very interesting letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1841. He has collected a variety of testimony from living persons, which goes to prove that a tree called Herne's Oak was cut down some sixty years ago, and that the tree which now pretends to the honour—'*this oak*'—had acquired the name in very modern times. 'Its present name was not conferred upon it until some time after the demolition of another old tree formerly possessing that title.' This entirely agrees with our own personal recollections of the talk of Windsor about Herne's Oak. But Dr. Bromet justly observes that the 'strongest proof' against the claims of Mr. Jesse's oak is Collier's Map of 1742, which actually points out 'Sir John Falstaff's Oak' as being *not in the present avenue, but outside it, near the edge of the pit*.' Mr. Collier 'was a resident in the immediate vicinity of the tree he thus distinguishes,' and his map is therefore an indisputable 'record of its locality a hundred years ago.' So far, we think, the proof is absolute that the oak in the avenue is *not* Herne's Oak. It is not, as we believe, so called by general tradition, even in very recent times. It certainly was not so called in 'Collier's Plan of Windsor Little Park in 1742,' in which plan another tree, standing some yards away from the avenue, is remarkable enough to bear the name of Sir John Falstaff's Oak."

It is quite clear that an oak was blown or cut down, and as the wood was sold and made up into articles for sale, nothing was more likely than a pretence that it was **HERNE'S OAK**. As a relic it was popular, and, like other wonderful trees, many loads of wood stood substitute for the original in the manufacture of Herne's Oak toys. But it is simply a question whether, until an oak was cut down or blown down, there was any attention whatever paid to the individuality of Herne's Oak. It was a capital speculation. Furniture and snuff-boxes from Herne's Oak sold well. "Mr. Emlyn was architect and superintendent of the works at the Castle at that time. He had the fallen tree *removed to his yard, where it was cut up*," and, no doubt, made a good thing of it as "Herne's Oak." At one time, we are told it was cut down by order of George III.; at another time, "it was blown down sixty years ago." Mr. Knight's "earliest recollections associate the place with bird's-nests and mushrooms;" but he mentions two oaks, and says, "*We have heard each of these oaks called Herne's Oak*." Mr. Jesse mentions one fact that is not shaken—that of the direction of an avenue having been diverted to save that one tree.

\* Shakespeare wrote "*still* midnight," and "*an* oak."

We believe all the old ladies of Windsor cannot upset that little bit of conclusive evidence, whereas the gossiping stories of Mr. Knight and the *Quarterly* upset one another. As to Mr. Collier's plan of the park, and his notion of which was the tree, we have too many instances of imperfect maps to pay any more regard to that than we should to a printed tale. Most likely *his* authority was old women's gossip. How many maps may we now find differing from each other in what we may call essential points? But there stands the fact, that a noble avenue has been diverted from what may be called its proper direction, to save a tree which the persons in authority have stamped as "Herne's Oak." With regard to the differences between the old women of Windsor, the *Quarterly*, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Jesse, "it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands;" and there we leave it, but with our mind made up that Mr. Jesse and the authorities who ordered the inscription are right.

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#### THE SCRIPTURE HERBAL—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

"At the moment of speaking," says Lady Calcot, in her "Scripture Herbal," "the Saviour was seated on Mount Tabor, which is still a flowery hill, and looking over fertile plains to sheltered valleys, where the lily springs up at every step; so that his hearers had only to look on either hand to the beautiful and stately flower, and behold its purity of colour and delicacy of texture, far exceeding all human workmanship, even for a monarch's wear. When such is the fitness, the propriety of the simile divinely spoken in that place, I can scarcely comprehend the anxiety to displace the reading of the Testament, and substitute every and anything for the lily of Palestine."

Our authoress favours the adoption of the narcissus calathinus as the lily of Solomon, and seems, in another passage, to be half angry with others for disputing it; and she says, in conclusion: "Salt's scarlet amaryllis, from Abyssinia, Le Vailant's giant lily, from the desert of Africa—nay, even the foetid crown imperial—have, in turns, been proposed; but each and all ought to be surely rejected in favour of the true white lily of Palestine."

For our own parts, we think it almost presumptuous to question whether this or that, or the other lily was meant by our Saviour, when common sense tells us that the allusion was

general. Christ did not say, "Consider the lily of the field," but "the lilies of the field;" and what does this convey but that, if there were a thousand species of lilies in flower around them, they were all included. On what authority—by what perversion of language, any one flower should be supposed to be fixed on, we know not. "Consider the LILIES of the fields, how THEY grow: THEY toil not, neither do they spin." The comprehensive language of the Saviour was not likely to be limited to a single species; nor does it in the least detract from the supposition that he comprised all the kinds of lily familiar to the people, that he says afterwards—"And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like ONE of these." For, had he said—"Consider the thousands of beautiful lilies of the fields," it would not be so comprehensive as the more simple sentence which comprised all, if there were millions—"Consider the LILIES of the fields." However, while we make up our mind that the lilies spoken of by our Saviour meant every kind of flower that was called a lily, we leave others the singular task of settling on which particular *flower* they will fix the *plural*.

Solomon's lily may be, after all, a distinct kind, however unimportant it may be what kind it was; for it is called severally, the lily of the valley, and the lily that groweth by the waters, which may be considered synonymous; and, therefore, we have a right to presume it was one of the many liliaceous flowers which grow on marshy ground. But with regard to the lilies of the field, they would comprise all the most delicate and most gaudy, the most beautiful and fragrant, that carpeted the regions known to the multitude.

Kitto, in his notes to the "Pictorial Bible," falls into what we consider the same error as his predecessors, and has his mind fixed on the singular. He says:—

"The Syriac translators seem to have considered, with modern versions, that the lily of Solomon and the lily of Matthew were identical; for which conclusion, indeed, this authority is scarcely needed. What kind of lily is intended, no one can tell; but, concluding that it was a lily, the *amaryllis lutea* offers a fair alternative. We know that this flower abounds in Palestine, and the gorgeous displays of the green vales, embroidered with a profusion of the yellow *amaryllis*, at a time when most other flowers have faded, was well calculated to furnish the subject of an allusion to the spontaneous bounty of God."

Now, there happens, according to our notions, to be no one circumstance to favour the identity of the two flowers—not even the name. We give the translators all the benefit of being able to render the word flower instead of lily, for that

would help us, were it admitted. We have already shown that Solomon alludes to the lily of the valley, and the lily that groweth by the waters; while our Saviour, whose language throughout the Sermon on the Mount is dignified and comprehensive, speaks of the lilies of the field (and if it could be rendered flowers, it would be hardly more comprehensive, as the lily, in its many forms and colours, no doubt composed the greater part of the flora of that country), evidently alluding to the beauties of a whole tribe. Kitto, indeed, in a note to the Song of Solomon, upon the subject of the lily noticed there, says:—"The Hebrew word *shoshanna* seems to indicate that the lily of the valley was one of those plants wherein the number six predominates in the distribution of their parts—such as the crocus, asphodel, daffodil, lily, &c." Here, then, he has a choice of flowers on which to fix the royal preference, and concludes that the king must mean the *amaryllis lutea*. Now, if there be one lily more ugly, more common, more scentless than another (blooming, too, only at a period when nobody would care even to mention things in the open air), the *amaryllis lutea* is that flower. It is only like a large, coarse crocus, not so good a yellow, and, moreover, does not grow in valleys, nor by the waters. But we are apt to consider the Scriptural texts in too limited a sense: the lilies of the Old Testament are widely different from one another; because, while Solomon speaks of the lily of the valley, and which groweth by the waters, Esdras, speaking of the restored house of Jacob, writes (among things prepared for them) of "seven mighty mountains, whereupon there grew roses and lilies, whereby I will fill my children with joy;" and the wise son of Sirach compares the praises of the good to "the sweet smell of lilies, to the lilies by the waters." In short, the lilies formed a very prominent portion of the flora of those parts and those days; and, as the sweet smell of lilies is alluded to, we have a right to suppose that the low, common, scentless *amaryllis lutea* was as far from the thoughts of those who mention the lily at all, as it is removed from the more beautiful and fragrant lilies of the field, which bespangled the great expanse of vegetation in the Eastern world. Besides, if it be true that the six-petalled flowers were meant by the original Hebrew, and now translated as lily, then the whole tribe of *amaryllideæ* would come in with as much propriety as the little common *amaryllis lutea*. Upon the whole, therefore, we think it presumptuous to assert that the various texts allude to the same lily, when, as we have shown, distinct habits are attributed to them; still more so to assume that the alleged single lily of the Old Testament should be identified with the "lilies of the field," men-



tioned by our Saviour on the Mount as more glorious than Solomon; and, worse than all, to fix upon an insignificant, scentless species of *amaryllis* as the one so favoured.

We could give a long catalogue of the flowers claimed by the different writers as the lily of Solomon, and all as unlike each other as may be; but Solomon's lily of the valley, and growing by the waters, and Esdras's lily of the mountains, and Christ's lilies of the field, have no analogy whatever, except that our Saviour comprises the whole tribe; and although we admire the authoress's first choice, the *LILIUM CANDIDUM*, before all others, and blame her for abandoning it for Sprengel's *narcissus calathina*, which she appears to do, yet we maintain that our Saviour's words justify us in concluding that he comprised every flower that was known to his hearers by the name of lily. We have been blaming people for discussing matters of no importance, and yet have fallen chin-deep into the same error. However, there was something so obviously stupid in cavilling about which single flower was meant, when the allusion was in the plural, that we could not resist the temptation to give our notions upon the subject.

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### THE BETEL, OR ARECA NUT,

Is the fruit of the areca palm, and produced both by the areca catechu and areca oleracea. It is universally used by the Malays and other Asiatics, cut in thin slices, mixed with quick lime (chunam), made from calcined shells, and wrapped in the leaves of the betel pepper: hence its name, betel. When chewed, it produces intoxicating effects, stimulates powerfully the salivatory glands and digestive organs, and diminishes the perspiration of the skin. It is considered by Marsden, and other travellers in the East, as remarkable for its narcotic and intoxicating powers; but, according to more recent researches, it is doubtful whether the intoxicating effect ascribed to the betel nut is not more owing to the betel pepper leaves, in which it is wrapped, than the nut itself. The Malays would rather forego meat and drink than their favourite "pinang," or betel nut, which both young and old chew, like the Europeans do tobacco. Children begin to chew betel very young, and yet their teeth are always beautifully white.

The nuts contain a large quantity of tannin, and are much employed in some parts of India for dyeing cotton cloth (nankin), and where, according to Dr. Blume, whole ship-loads are annually exported from Sumatra, Malacca, Siam, and Cochin-China. The practice of chewing the areca, or betel nut,

although offensive to Europeans, is allowed by all modern travellers in the East to be really very conducive to health in the damp and pestilential regions of India, where the natives live on spare diet.

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### FERNS AND FERN CATALOGUES.

MR. KENNEDY, of the Conservatory, Covent Garden, has favoured the public with a catalogue perfectly novel and beyond measure useful. He has given us a list of all the popular *genera*,



OSMUNDA CLAYTONIANA.

species, and varieties, illustrating each family with so much of the plant as will enable almost anybody to name every specimen he may possess by simply looking through the embellishments, which are executed with great delicacy and accuracy; and he

has thereby rendered a trade catalogue more useful than half the works especially devoted to the subject. We have selected two of the illustrations as the best method of giving a proper idea of the work, and it is quite clear to us that it will set hundreds, who had no particular fancy for such things, to commence growing them. On that account, we shall offer a few words on their culture and general management, for they are rapidly becoming favourites in and out-of-doors. First, we would observe there is no more mystery in growing ferns than there is in cultivating the most simple plants, and inasmuch as they are not half so dainty, we may say not so much. They require no dung, and as they grow naturally where the only nourishment they get from the earth is decayed vegetation, we have only to mix some stony but porous substance. There is nothing better than broken pots; the lumps may be as large as filberts, or even walnuts, but the small stuff made in breaking must also be mixed up with it. Peat earth and leaf mould is all that is required besides this broken stuff, and equal portions by measure will do. Some ferns grow in moist places naturally, and these may be grown near the bottom of the fernery, that they may receive the waste water from all those higher up. A collection of ferns grown in pots will do well in this compost, provided there be a good drainage of crocks at the bottom. Raising ferns from seed is not difficult, as may be seen by the quantity of young plants coming up in all ferneries, but the seed is as fine as Scotch snuff, and would be easily blown or washed away. When the fronds exhibit ripeness, the only way to make sure of the seed is to brush them off from the back. Some say, lay the seeds downwards and rub the face of the leaf; but it matters little how they are rubbed off, if you use a large piece of paper to prevent any from being wasted. Prepare a pan full of the soil we have mentioned quite level with the top edge, that you may the easier press the mould down to a smooth, even surface. Sow the seed thinly over the soil, which must be first watered, and cover with a bell glass that will allow the edge to be pressed in the soil, to exclude the ordinary atmosphere. When they begin to vegetate, tilt the glass a little; and as they advance, inure them to the full air by degrees. But there are such facilities for obtaining and propagating ferns, that few would care to raise them from seed. There is no plant more easily increased, for the smallest bit will grow if there be a portion of root to it. There is, in fact, no difficulty in growing ferns in rock-work in the open air, or in pots in a room. They must not be left to perish for want of water; but short of this, they will bear a large amount of ill-usage. One of our engravings represents *Osmunda Claytoniana* (Vir-

FROM KENNEDY'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF FERNS.



ginian *Osmunda*), gathered by Mr. Clayton in Virginia, sent in 1772 by Dr. Martin to Kew Gardens. The fronds are upright, a yard high, narrow, composed of numerous short, mostly alternate, deeply pinnated leaflets, smooth when fully grown. Many of those about the middle of the frond are either totally or partially covered with innumerable brown capsules, the edges of each segment turning in, so that nothing but capsules appear on either side the leaf. We see no mention of this splendid fern in either Moore's or Francis's books, because it is not a British fern, though it grows well in England. In Mr. Kennedy's catalogue we have *Osmunda cinnamomica*, *O. Claytoniana*, *O. interrupta*, *O. regalea*, and *O. spectabilis*. Every other genus is illustrated; hence the value of the catalogue, which should be in the hands of every fern grower in the kingdom, as a work of constant reference, having not less than sixty engravings.

## ARE LADIES GOOD JUDGES OF FLOWERS?

BY A COSMOPOLITE.

SIR,—Were I to give a direct negative to this question, I should be committing an act of manifest injustice to the few, while the many would look upon it as a crime little short of sacrilege. It must be admitted by the most cynical, that, in this superficial age (of crinoline and court dresses), the ladies are great admirers (if not profound judges) of flowers, whether natural or artificial.

Sir, as a genuine cosmopolite, I have had the pleasure of serving ladies of various ranks and degrees, even from the high-born duchess to the wife of the burly burgomaster; and I have found that a real love and knowledge of flowers (and the love increases with the knowledge) is like music. Some ladies possess the knowledge of music in a pre-eminent degree; yet, with all their knowledge and love of the beautiful, they are not able to judge a flower by any rational standard.

I remember a speech of the late "Sir Robert Peel," wherein he speaks of a certain class as the *vulgar rich*. To point out the proportions of a flower to such a class would be a thankless task, and little short of insanity. They care not whether a flower is round or square; they say it is pretty, vastly pretty, but invariably conclude with—"Oh! what a pretty dress it would make!" I am ready to admit that the ladies in general have a more refined taste, and are more susceptible than men; therefore, with respect to colour, their judgment is more to be relied on than that of the opposite sex. It seems that women's mis-

sion is to admire, not to judge; I therefore do not doubt their taste, but their judgment.

I know that ladies of the most exalted station have studied and become proficient botanists; but I likewise know that botany is not floriculture; and however well their minds may be adapted, or however well they may be qualified to study the science of botany, I fearlessly assert that the science of botany will never teach them the good points of a flower. I speak from experience when I say, that any lady or gentleman will gain a better knowledge of what a flower *ought to be*, by a careful perusal of your little volume, "The Properties of Flowers and Plants," than they will ever gain from the most elaborate treatise on botany.

If, therefore, I find that ladies of rare merit and commanding talents—ladies who have the most exquisite taste for all that is beautiful—whose eyes are never at fault with respect to colour, and yet have such an imperfect knowledge of the general properties of that which their eyes delight to look upon—what can I say of those who simply follow in the wake of fashion, and imitate (though awkwardly) the high-born dame? I must take note, however, that a title does not necessarily constitute either a lover or a judge of flowers; neither do we believe that a brougham is essential to a thorough knowledge of floriculture.

A lady of title and fortune does not invariably love flowers for their own sake. They more frequently class them with the poodle and the parrot—things that are necessary for their amusement—something pretty that money can purchase and fashion sanction. It is true that those beautiful gems of nature are arranged with consummate taste, in costly vases, to decorate the gay saloons of the votress of fashion; but this is only in keeping with the soft hearth-rug for the poodle, and the gilded cage for the parrot.

With respect to the second, or Sir Robert Peel's class of ladies, daily observation teaches us that they are largely on the increase; and this is not surprising. With unbounded commerce and unchecked speculation, with the thousand avenues (honest and dishonest) that lead to wealth, the wife of the junior clerk to-day may become the "vulgar rich" lady to-morrow. And although she may change "Woodbine Cottage" for a villa in the Regent's-park, she carries her tastes, her habits, and her prejudices with her. Flowers are things she very imperfectly understands, and, in most cases, would prefer the wreath of the man-milliner to the choicest products of the gardener.

D.

## THE TULIP FANCY.

It may appear strange, but the tulip, as grown in collection all over England, owes much of its interest to the humble denizens of the small gardens round the principal commercial towns, and, until late years, to those immediately round London. To their taste do we owe the best selection from the Dutch rubbish, from which a few good ones were from time to time picked out, and for numerous seedlings raised from their comparatively small collections. By degrees men of heavier metal took up the plan of raising seedlings; and then we owed much to Clark of Croydon, Rutley of Greenwich, Lawrence of Hampton, and, since their day, to men further north—Lightbody of Falkirk, Slater of Manchester, Dixon of Edinburgh, and others. But on the demise of one fancier after another, the seedlings were dispersed, and all the buyers took credit for novelties of which they never sowed the seed; nobody but the grower could tell from whose seedlings particular new flowers came, nor did any of them choose to own that flowers first produced by them were not their own raising. The only two grand points attended to in the olden time were, colour and regular marking. Many of the old Dutch flowers were very striking in these qualities, but when the English standard of perfection required a pure base, thick petals, and round, short cups, the greater portion of the foreigners were discarded, and the English surpassed the Dutch altogether. It is possible now to make up a splendid bed of tulips without a single flower with a stain in the base, a pointed, a thin, or narrow petal. If any of our readers have ever visited a fine bed of tulips, bloomed under an awning, we need not tell them that it is a finer feature, in even a first-rate establishment, than any single family of flowers can present, however varied or extensive the assemblage, and yet there is hardly a good establishment that can boast its tulip bed. The late Duke of Devonshire once commissioned a nurseryman to make him up a tulip bed. Unfortunately, his Grace pitched upon a party who grew all the old Dutch flowers, and when they bloomed, the duke saw so plainly that it was inferior to all the collections he saw elsewhere, that he never followed up the fancy. Had it been equal to them, his Grace was just the nobleman to select a few fine novelties every year to make it still better, but seeing that to make it decent he must get rid of nearly all and begin again, he gave it up in despair. This was "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to the tulip fancy, and was regretted by all who knew the fact, because, had the collection been worthy of the owner and of the price charged for it, the

duke's example would doubtless have been followed by other wealthy patrons. But that is past. His Grace was in bad hands; a great price was charged for an inferior collection; he knew it, and, perhaps, condemned the rest of the dealers, fancying they were all alike. The only thing that can be done now is to assure any lady or gentleman who has a fancy for this splendid flower, that there are some honest dealers, and that a bed of any dimensions may be had at the rate of a fourth of what the Duke of Devonshire paid, and that it would be warranted to contain none but clean show-flowers.

An awning adapted for a fine bed of a hundred rows would be about sixty feet long and, say, fifteen feet wide; and when the tulips were in bloom all May, it would be the most pleasant retreat in the whole garden: when they were out of bloom it would afford the best possible shelter for greenhouse plants; and when all were clean out, a delightful retreat from sun and wind for a tolerably large party of visitors.

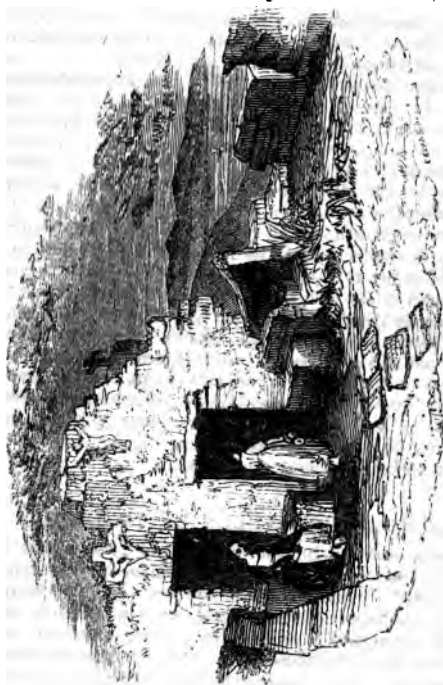
The tulip is worthy of all commendation. Thousands must have seen the collection at the Red Lion Inn, Hampton, to say nothing of many private beds; and we feel quite assured that whoever may adopt the feature, as part of a first-rate establishment, will, for the time, see that greenhouse, stove, and conservatory are thrown into the shade. We regret that the building mania round London, and, we fear, elsewhere, was the destruction of hundreds of fine collections; for the ground on which we have seen canvas-houses in such numbers as to appear like an encampment, has been covered by thousands of houses, and the renters of the gardens driven to sacrifice what had taken them many years to collect.

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### THE HOLY WELLS OF IRELAND.

ONE of the strange infatuations of the Irish peasantry was their belief in the efficacy of a pilgrimage to the holy wells. Mrs. Hall, in her hand-book to Ireland, says, "Nearly every district of the island contains some object of peculiar sanctity, to which ignorance attributes the power of curing diseases, and frequently of remitting sins. Visits to some of these places were formerly, and to some extent are still, enjoined as works of penance for crimes; in other cases they were voluntarily undertaken by penitents; but the more usual motive was that of obtaining health for the body, and tedious and wearisome journeys have often been made for the purpose of drinking water from some specified fountain, by persons who were apparently hardly able to crawl a few yards from their own thresholds. Most of the holy places were wells, and many of





ST. DECLAN'S WELL.

them have kept their reputation for centuries; the fame of some being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of others probably preceded it; the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed." St. Ronogue's well was one of these wonder-working places of worship and of penance. There are others known as holy wells, of scarcely less note. St. Oran's, now quite a ruin; St. Dolough, covered by a stone building of considerable pretensions as a relic; St. Declan's is also a ruin. We give the latter and St. Ronogue's from sketches by Mrs.



ST. RONOGUE'S WELL.

and Mr. C. Hall. Each holy well has its stated day when a pilgrimage is supposed to be fortunate—the day of its patron saint. This attracts numbers of visitors, some with the hope of receiving health from its waters, others as a place of meeting for distant friends, but the greatest number are lured by love of idleness and dissipation. However, these follies are gradually giving way under the influence of education, although there are still credulous and ignorant people who keep up the faroe, and will, perhaps, as long as these monuments of superstition last.

#### MACHINERY AND MANUAL LABOUR.

PERHAPS it may appear to some people very cruel to invent machines to do away with the poor man's employment, but the whole thing is a fallacy. Thrashing machines are of far greater service than if they merely saved wages. The farmer can

thrash out his barnful of wheat in a few hours, and supply the market with his whole produce in a comparatively short time. This is of infinitely greater importance than any amount of wages. But the reaping machine, which can do the work of a score of men in a few hours, and the grass or hay mowing machine, equally wonderful in its way, are among the most useful and extraordinary of modern inventions. We have seen both these at work, and so completely do they perform their task that it seems impossible to improve them. There have been several reaping machines introduced. We have seen very inferior ones at Mechi's farm; there was some disadvantage attending all of them; and after visiting the agricultural meetings, and seeing all that were to be seen, neither the reaping nor the mowing was equal in any respect to that by the machines of Burgess and Key, now in use. Strange as it may appear, such is the improvement made in the machinery of these important implements, that an immense breadth of wheat may be standing one day and in shock the next. A field of grass, ready to cut down, will be mowed before there would be time to get enough hands together, to say nothing of doing the work afterwards. "Dispatch is the life and soul of business," as we were taught in our youth; and when we think of shifting markets and precarious weather, it is a great comfort to know that a hundred acres of wheat or grass can be cut in an incredibly short time. Besides, now that men will combine to injure their employers, it is a fine thing to be independent of them.

To see these machines at work, one could fancy that there were intellect as well as power. The thing appears like magic: a large breadth of grass or of corn, as the case may be, is cut down as rapidly as a horse can walk, and he goes round the field working, cutting down a considerable width of stuff all the way he goes. But Burgess and Key have quite a repository of useful machinery, in Newgate-street, for lessening labour and performing work; and whether we look to one or other of the hundred extraordinary things, from a little butter churn to a steam-engine, we can do nothing but wonder at the ingenuity of the inventors, who, however, are not always the men to profit by the sale of their inventions.

Messrs. Burgess and Key's repository in the City, extensive as it may be, is nothing, compared with their manufactories in the country. Messrs. Samuelson exhibit a mowing machine, manufactured under Boyd's patent, which comprises a cleaner and knife-sharpener, to keep in order the cutters. This is not for hay-crops, like that of Burgess and Key, but for short lawn grass, and it does its work well even in wet weather. Messrs.

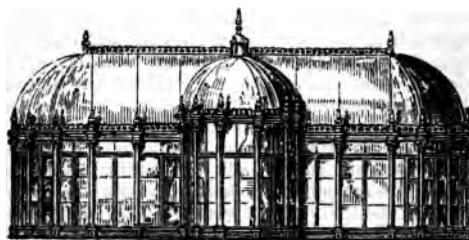
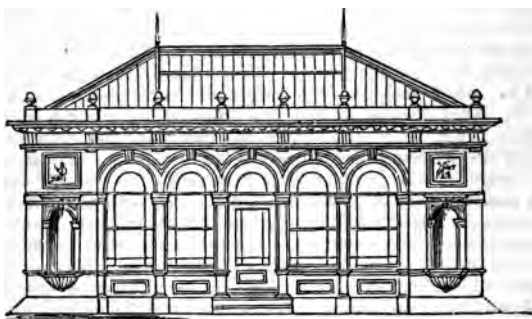
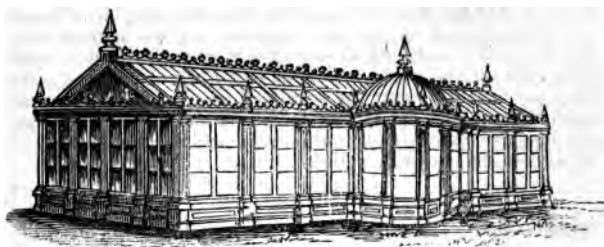
Shanks have also a very complete mowing machine, but without the cleaning and sharpening apparatus. What with sewing machines and others, which save labour, we are enabled to compete with all the world in almost every manufacture; nor do they permanently injure the working man. It provides another kind of work, and drives him to it; for no one can say there are less men employed, or that railroads and machinery do anything but change a man's work.

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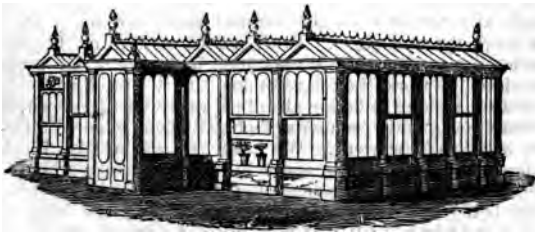
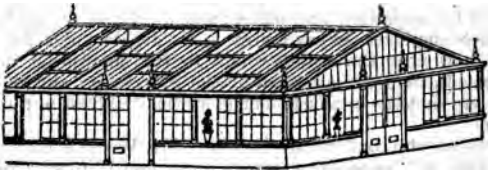
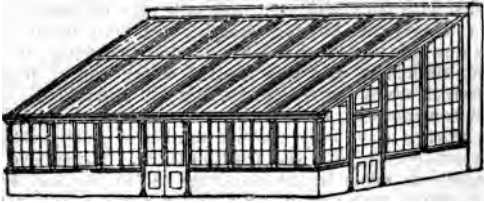
### THE ONE BOILER SYSTEM FOR HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS.

THE science of heating buildings has been practically developed to an extraordinary extent in horticultural affairs, for with a single boiler no less than seventeen houses and pits, with twenty-seven compartments, have been heated, including one enormous building for a winter garden. The area of these houses and pits is 18,600 feet, and the length of the pipes employed is 7,000. This may be seen at the fruit-forcing nursery in the King's Road. One great recommendation of the plan upon which this system is carried out is its simplicity. Those who have watched the progress of heating with hot water, flowing and returning through cast-iron pipes—who remember the numerous changes from one construction to another, many of them being complicated beyond measure, some of them frequently out of order, and most of them more elaborate and expensive than was at all necessary—must admire a construction that can hardly go wrong. One furnace, one boiler feeding all the pipes for houses a hundred yards apart, in every one of which the water may be let on for heat or shut out when not required—and not only for one, but for any number of apartments—seems to be a mechanical and scientific wonder. But facts are stubborn things; there it is to be seen in full activity, producing the necessary heat for forcing all kinds of fruit in all kinds of houses,—a sight which everybody who contemplates the building of a house should witness before he orders a brick to be laid or a piece of glass to be cut. At Mr. Weeks's establishment there may be seen houses of various forms, pits of different constructions, doing their allotted work, whether it be in imitation of a temperate climate, gentle warmth, or the heat of the tropics, and there cannot well be a more interesting sight to even a common observer; but it is doubly so to the amateur or professional horticulturist.

The forcing establishment of Mr. Weeks is one of the horticultural lions of the metropolis. The centre building is an im-



THREE HANDSOME CONSERVATORIES, DESIGNED BY JOHN WHEELS,  
HORTICULTURAL BUILDER, CHELSEA.



A RIDGE ROOFED CONSERVATORY, A LEAN-TO GREENHOUSE, AND A RIDGE AND FURROW CONSERVATORY, DESIGNED BY JOHN WEEKS, HORTICULTURAL BUILDER, CHELSEA.

mense crystal palace or winter garden, planted with vines, which are loaded with fruit, although only one year in their present position; single rods, tall and straight, with bunches from the ground upwards to a great height; peaches, nectarines, and figs, in great abundance and fine health; many houses of pines, among which are numerous queens, that will undoubtedly weigh half-a-dozen pounds. In other houses there are splendid strawberries bearing heavy crops; a vast number of peach, nectarine, and apricot trees in pots, with fruit on them. There have been great additions made to the buildings within the last twelve months. One new house, of considerable length, shows various modes of ventilation, which are very clever, ingenious, and effective; and independently of all the houses being heated from one boiler, to a temperature, varying on a cold, wet day, from 65 to 80°, according to requirements of the contents, a large pond of water out of doors is warmed sufficiently to use in the hottest department. The different styles of the various houses are well adapted for inspection and choice, and we advise all gardeners and their employers to pay a visit, as we did, to judge for ourselves how near the reality comes to the description in the illustrated catalogue published by the proprietor; and we may safely say that the establishment more than realised our expectations.

To those who contemplate building, Mr. Weeks's Illustrated Catalogue will be of great service, inasmuch as it contains engravings of all kinds of houses, from the conservatory downwards, and comprises various descriptions of pits and hot-beds, so that a person may determine upon the form, size, and style of any horticultural building on merely looking at the book. We have selected some examples, which will give a pretty good idea of the style of the engravings, of which there appears to be nearly fifty, for we have not counted them, and many are far too large for our pages. With regard to heating houses of smaller dimensions, Mr. Weeks uses boilers of a size proportioned to the work they have to do; but it is well worth consideration, if there be houses already in an establishment, whether it would not greatly economise fuel and labour to adopt a boiler that will do all the work. We have had one of Mr. Weeks's boilers in use some years, and it heats three houses, though it is one of very small dimensions; but if ever so small, the tubular boiler is the most effective, and is heated with the least fuel. But everybody interested in horticultural pursuits should visit the establishment, which is opposite Cremorne Gardens, for they will be highly gratified.

## A VISIT TO A WASTE GROUND AND A FINE HOUSE.

It would be difficult to even guess the number of times that I have been called in to advise as to the improvement of estates, and especially of gardens; but it would form a curious volume to describe the various manners in which my suggestions have been received. I have never been an advocate for total change in the laying out of grounds. In old domains, I have always found features that I felt inclined to preserve, and wanted my alterations to chime in with them. I know that the practice of landscape gardeners is to make a clean sweep, if they can, and make the whole space subservient to their notions, and so make a change cost a frightful sum of money. I, on the contrary, can always see methods of greatly improving an estate at perhaps a fifth of the cost. When called in to report upon the state of a garden, and suggest what is required, I have met with singular people, with strange notions—people, lavish in expenditure upon the house and furniture, parsimonious in the garden; cooks and butlers at £50 to £100 per annum in the house, and gardeners at 18s. per week to board and lodge themselves.

"Once upon a time," I was sent for to a noble new mansion, and the following is an account of the interview with the principal:—

EMPLOYER: "I want you to look round my garden, for I am not satisfied with my gardener. The place looks unlike anybody else's."

Such were the words addressed to me by a lady who had two very large glass-houses, roofed with vines, and crowded with plants, a pinery, pits for melons and cucumbers, an acre of kitchen garden, with a very long and high wall covered with fruit trees, besides gooseberries and currants, strawberries and orchard trees in the open ground, but not a single shrub in front—a naked carriage-road, edged with a yard of lawn, or rather grass; and a crop of mangold-wurtzel reached down a slope to a very pretty running stream—I might say, river.

"Madam," said I, "how many men do you keep?"

"One; but he's an expensive one; he has 18s. per week."

"What! no one to help him?"

"Oh, yes; he has the cow-boy to assist him when he is busy; but the boy's time is a good deal taken up at the farm."

Forthwith, I commenced a tour through the place. There was as fine an entomological collection on the plants as could be wished. The red spider, meally bug, scale thrip, and green-fly,



had fairly taken possession, and were seeing which could destroy the plants quickest. The vines had all the loose, rough bark about them, and were one mass of cottony white, covering a multitude of busy insects. The plants reminded me of Kew in the olden time. Some scores of gooseberry and currant trees had evidently not been pruned for two years; of course, they were in a bad state. There was no winter green; not a cabbage, cabbage-plant, or a stump. A few pines were in the pit; everything else matched. On my return to the house, the lady wished to know what she ought to do.

"Do, madam!" I replied. "Have all the vines stripped of their bark, and thoroughly cleaned; have every plant that you intend to save washed with strong warm soapsuds. Turn them all out from one house first; have the wood-work scoured, the glass sponged, and the brick lime-washed, as soon as the vines are cleaned, but not before, for the myriads that infect them will find their way all over the house. Lastly, have the floor washed and watered with strong lime-water; and when the interior can be pronounced clean, have the plants cleaned, one by one, and brought back."

"Oh, but will not this take a long time?"

"Yes, madam; and if not done directly, there will be no grapes, and the plants will not recover."

"Cannot you recommend a gardener capable of keeping the place in proper order?"

"No; it will take two good men all their time, after it has been put in order."

"I think the man I have got robs me of plants. I miss things frequently."

I could not help saying, "What else can you expect? First, you have only one man to do two men's work, and next, you only pay for half a man. How can you suppose that a gardener, with a wife and children, always expected to dress decently, and slaving from daylight to dark, with a perfect conviction on his mind that everything was going back for want of labour, could live upon 18s. per week, without a place to shelter him but dear lodgings? I doubt much whether you are robbed, because there is nothing saleable on the premises. I think plant after plant is dying, and many have died. The man may have thrown them away, perhaps; but I see nothing grown on the premises that would bring him a shilling."

And then she begged I would send a man, who could wash and clean the vines and plants, or help her man do it; and with that request I complied; but I gave her to understand that I could only lend him for a month, and that I could not recommend a gardener at less than 35s. per week, nor a second

man under £1 or 25s., who would be capable of keeping the place in order. My man was glad when his month was up, and when applied to to send one in his place, I declined. Here was a mansion, splendidly built and furnished, on a fine site, with ornamental water in front, running at the bottom of a fine slope, capable of being made one of the prettiest places in the country, absolutely barren; not a tree or shrub to break the outline of a very large and elegant front; a road like one across a common or waste; mangold wurtzel where there should be short grass, and desolation outside a house fit for a nobleman. If any owner of spirit had the estate, he would add to the thousands the mansion had cost, five hundred pounds, to convert a miserable waste into a little paradise. I believe I prevailed so far as to obtain a promise that the front should be laid down in grass, but I could not induce the lady to think of planting shrubs, and I was too much vexed to pay another visit, although treated with all the liberality that I could desire, and more than I could expect. The glaring inconsistency of the place was to me disgusting. I believe the lady was in earnest when she told me that "she thought 18s. per week was high wages. The Horticultural Society only gave 12s., and she gave half as much again." However, all I could do was to tell her that there were plenty who would take her place, but there were no gardeners. The class of men who would apply was a different race altogether. Stablemen, horse-keepers, and cow-boys, who had been allowed, perhaps, to dig in a garden, and fancied they could recollect what they had seen the gardener do, were always ready for such places; but she had just seen the result of employing such a man. Looking at the state of the vines, the plants, and the garden, they were all but spoiled, and another year, which, under a first-rate gardener, might recover them, would, under an eighteen-shilling bungler, finish them altogether. Whether the lady profited eventually, I know not; but when my man left, a jobbing gardener was at work among currants and gooseberries, and the cow-boy watering the stove and greenhouse plants. Poor things! I fear they came off very sadly, and I have been afraid to inquire about them; for plants out of health want ten times more looking after than good healthy subjects. I could not help recollecting what I have said and written many times: "Those who employ cheap gardeners are *penny wise and pound foolish*."

G. G.

## ENCOURAGE GARDENING AND GARDENERS.

GARDENING is admitted to be the most rational and gratifying of all recreations; and with all its risks and annoyances, it is pleasant even when followed as a business; but the former class, who garden for recreation, must have a very different plan to the latter, who follow it for a living. The former class we profess to provide for—the latter know how to provide for themselves. A garden for pleasure requires no more of one crop than the owner can consume, but there must be an infinitely greater variety of subjects. The latter may be confined to those crops which succeed best with the least trouble, and, to use a mercantile phrase, pay best. Hence, one market gardener shines in celery, another in brocoli, a third in cauliflowers, a fourth in strawberries, and so on through the leading articles of produce, and each makes the other crops subservient to the principal subject for which his ground and himself are famed. The routine of business at such gardens is simple. In a private garden the owner wants it to supply all. He will have his fruit, flowers, and vegetables in their proper seasons; and instead of having, like a market gardener, only particular things to attend to, he has not a week in the whole year free from some duty or other, which, however, he performs with delight, and contemplates with satisfaction. The gentleman's gardener has a constant round of cares. There is no occupation at all equals his for anxiety and attention. Not only are all things required of him *in season*, but many are required *out of season*, which he must supply by forcing or retarding. The amateur gardener, though perhaps more moderate in his wants than the employer of a professional gardener, nevertheless strives to imitate, as nearly as his means will allow, the doings of his professional neighbour; and he must go through, in a small way, nearly all the operations of others who do them on a large scale. The manner in which he carries out his operations depends, first, on the instructions he can find in books, and next, upon his observations on what others are doing. Some men, who watch everything and everybody, and retain in their minds what they learn, soon become good gardeners; and in nothing is this so forcibly shown as in the progress of gardening among cottagers, who, wherever they are encouraged, as they should be, soon excel the professional gardener in the quality of the few things they grow. Here we find the man who is following the plough all day, digging in his own garden two or three hours of an evening, and producing for his own family, comforts, if not luxuries, which would otherwise be *beyond their reach*. The advantages, therefore, of gardening,

are felt in the lowest grade of society. The mechanic who has a garden is still more benefited, for the labour there is a contrast to that in a close manufactory, and preserves his health, as well as finds him occupation, when he would otherwise seek it in company, at no time profitable, and often ruinous. Look next to the tradesman who seeks recreation among his flowers, fruit, and vegetables, and he is not less benefited by the occupation of gardening. Passing onwards, we come to employers, who feel an interest in everything their own establishment can produce, and we hope in time to convince these that their gardeners must labour hard while masters enjoy their rest. Too many gentlemen subject their gardeners to privations by the miserable pittance given in wages, and in addition to their work their mind is "ill at ease," because there are wants at home which they cannot with their limited means supply.

### MELCROSS ABBEY.

THERE is perhaps hardly a ruin in Ireland more interesting than that of Melcross Abbey, in the neighbourhood of the Torc Waterfall, close to which has been found what was once called the rarest of British ferns, *Tricomane speciosum*; or, the bristle fern. It is said to be peculiar to Ireland, not having been found in England, Scotland, or Wales. The ruins are picturesque, and the remains of many portions of the building possess great interest. It is said that a church occupied the site, but was consumed by fire in 1192. The Abbey was built for Franciscan monks, according to Archdall, in 1440: but the annals of the four masters give its date a century earlier. Both, however, ascribe its foundation to one of the M'Carthy's, Princes of Desmond. The building consists of two principal parts, the convent and the church; the latter is about a hundred feet in length, and twenty-four in breadth. The principal entrance is by a handsome pointed doorway, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which is seen the dilapidated great eastern window. The intermediate space, as indeed every part of the ruined edifice, is filled with tombs, some containing inscriptions to direct the stranger where especial honour should be paid. To attempt even a slight description of these memorials of the departed would be difficult, and require more space than we could afford; we give, however, a sketch of an ancient tomb, or vault, which the peasants point out as the resting-place of the holy fathers. The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches, is the best preserved portion of the Abbey. In the centre grows a magnificent yew tree, which covers, as a roof, the whole area. The circumference of its trunk was, at the time of Mr. and Mrs.

Hall's tour, thirteen feet, and its height in proportion. It is more than probable that the tree is coeval with the Abbey, and was planted by the hands of the monks, who built it centuries



ago. The imitation of ruins has become as fashionable as fern growing, for such constructions are best adapted for the culture of that varied family; and a tour through Ireland, with Mr. and Mrs. Hall's four handbooks for a guide, should form one of the first conditions of a man's qualification to erect such subjects after realities instead of designs.



### “FORGET-ME-NOT.”

THERE is something bordering on the serious in these words; they convey a sort of misgiving—a fear that a caution is necessary; and they imply, at least, a danger of neglect. But they also describe a flower—*Myosotis palustris*—which many have attempted in vain to grow in a garden, after transferring it from its favourite spot among wild flowers, in moist places, mostly by the side of a stream. As a garden flower, it is nothing. The bloom is not sufficiently conspicuous to become a favourite ornament. See it where we may, there is only just enough blossom to look interesting on a very close view, not enough to covet. We turn away, and, if in a very contemplative humour, fancy the poor little thing is conscious that it is very much neglected, and petitions to be noticed. The truth is, that the plant is not very easily grown. It is not everybody that has a stream running through his garden. A pond is a kind of substitute, and we have seen them fringing the borders of an artificial lake; but there is no condition so hard to supply, in a general way, as the fresh and constant moisture that is found at the edge of streams. To give an account of this plant and its habits:—There are thirteen species, according to botanists, but they differ considerably. *Myosotis palustris*, the true forget-me-not, is distinguished by the creeping perennial root, and the funnel-shaped calyx, clothed all over with straight, rigid, shining, close-pressed hairs, and having its teeth broad, triangular, shorter than the tube. The corolla, also, is conspicuous, and generally admired for its enamelled brilliancy. It is a beautiful pink flesh-colour before expansion, afterwards bright blue; common about rivers, clear streams, and ditches in most parts of Great Britain, flowering in the summer. The only chance of cultivating in pots is to keep it always well watered; for naturally, and where it flourishes most, the roots are close enough to be constantly wet. The English name of this genus is not very inviting—scorpion grass. Turning from the flower to the sentiment, which is a sort of reminder, how many neglected friends and fellow-creatures might be pardoned for obtruding, if they could, with these three words, “Forget-me-not!” To how many who had neglected some unfortunate dependent, from whom they had experienced good service, would they be a sad reproach! How apt are all of us to lose sight of old and once-valued acquaintances in the battle of life, who could say, and touch our best feelings, if they could approach us with “Forget-me-not!” But, taking another view of the subject, what motto so fit for a present to

a friend, young or old, as "Forget-me-not?" For our own part, we would, if we could, address our work to all who have read our writings for the last thirty years, if they have derived information, improvement, or instruction, and say to them, in the words of the title, "Forget-me-not." We are now getting into the "sere and yellow leaf;" yet, if we look to the extent of the patronage with which our latest works have been honoured, we have reason to believe we are not forgotten. We own that our writings have been very caustic; that we have rambled among thorns, and briars, and nettles, instead of enjoying flowers. We have taken up the cause of the gardener, the amateur, and the fair dealer, against a powerful class, who live on the credulity of the public; and by this we have made many enemies. Those who fancy we repose on a bed of roses are sadly mistaken; but if we have no other reward, we have the consolation of knowing that the measure of a man's hostility is in proportion to the check we put upon his fraudulent dealing, and we need only request the upright member of the trade to look back at his bills and calculate the money he has paid for worthless things that *have been warranted good*. We appeal to the enthusiastic lover of flowers for an account of money expended in his garden for things he has thrown away. In this battle against fraud and imposition, we have been alone; no other writer has ventured to offend the dealers, who live by advertising, and pay liberally for the publication of their worthless novelties. But however unprofitable our task may have been, we hope to see the day when even floricultural knaves may own that "honesty is the best policy." In conclusion, we have to assure our readers that the advertisers in this work do not belong to the class we have been condemning; they are selected from a great number, because their dealings are honourable, and they look for a preference from all who desire to have their money's worth for their money. We now take our leave, with a hope that every reader who would make presents to friends, young or old, will adopt this work as an appropriate souvenir, and give them "GLENNY'S ILLUSTRATED GARDEN FORGET-ME-NOT."



## GARDEN FORGET-ME-NOT.

### THINGS TO BE WELL REMEMBERED.

**WEEKS & Co.**, for **BOILERS** and **BUILDINGS** for Horticultural purposes have deservedly a great trade.

**MESSINGER**, of **Loughboro'**, for a **New and Complete System** of **HEATING** and **VENTILATION**, and a **New Plan** of **GLAZING** to prevent **Drip** is without a rival.

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**GISHURST'S COMPOUND**, from the **Candle Manufactory** at **Vauxhall**, is, when dissolved in water, a splendid wash for **Fruit Trees** to destroy vermin. It may be used strong any time before the buds swell.

**NEAL'S PLANT SOAP**. One cake to a gallon of water is a fine wash for **Stove** and **Greenhouse Plants** and **Vines**, to destroy **Meally Bug**, **Scale**, and all sorts of plant vermin. If wanted for hardier plants, use half the water.

**NEAL'S PASTILS** have, in thousands of places, superseded tobacco for fumigation. There is no trouble; set them in a place where they can do no harm when you leave at night; set light to a sufficient number; shut up the house, and don't trouble your head about it till morning, when you may syringe off the dead flies.

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## GLENNY'S ILLUSTRATED FORGET-ME-NOT.

CARTER & Co., of Holborn, were the first to send out a perfect SEED CATALOGUE, giving all the character of each subject, colour, height, duration, and where they come from.

BRIGDEN, of King William Street, is the well-known Retail Nursery and Seedsman, from the Arcade, now demolished, where he used to exhibit all the fishes, reptiles, insects, and plants for aquariums.

BATTEN, of Clapton, is one of the few remaining genuine Florists near London; Carnations, Piccotees, Pinks, Pansies, Tulips, and Florists' Flowers generally, are in Stock.

READ, one of the oldest of our Garden Engine Makers, is still at the Circus in Piccadilly; attends most of the Shows with specimens, and mostly exhibits his powerful Fire Engine, not much larger than a wheelbarrow, but throwing water enough to stop a conflagration if applied in time.

WARNERS' PUMPS, for distributing Liquid Manures, have proved invaluable to the Farmer; but their FORCE PUMPS, for sending water to any height, are useful everywhere. Their water barrows are but £2 10s.

MILLINGTON, of Bishopgate Street Without, has a sort of monopoly of trade in Horticultural Glass; Propagating Glasses, Cucumber Tubes, Shades, Fish Globes, and Gas Glass are proportionably cheap.

LAWN MOWERS have been made in as many varieties as children's toys; some with chains that slip off in the middle of the work; some sufficiently complicated to be always out of order: the most practically useful and lasting are BOYD'S & SHANKS'S, and we never hear of them being out of order.

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BENJAMIN EDGINGTON'S TENTS and MARQUEES stand all sorts of weather; and such are the resources of the Establishment, that he could, in case of sudden misfortune, shelter all the inhabitants of a town in a few hours.

MAY, of Bedale, who beat Mr. TURNER in Geraniums last year, is rapidly getting up in all the best Flowers. The Dahlias from the Hope Nurseries, shown for Mr. MAY, have beat all England two years running, where there was fair judgment.

MAJOR & SON, Landscape Gardeners, have published one of the prettiest Lady's Books of the period—a Book of Designs for Flower Gardens; but by this time half the Ladies have used the Patterns for their *antimacassars*, for they are beautiful.

JOSIAH ILLMAN is a new Nurseryman, in Strood, Kent, where there is plenty of room for a good tradesman.

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**DUKE STREET, LONDON BRIDGE,**  
MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF  
**TENTS, MARQUEES, & RICK CLOTHS,**

Engages to construct Temporary Show and Ball Rooms, Pavilions, &c., for Fêtes of every description and the most extensive scale. The following notice of his work in the Great International Exhibition is respectfully submitted:—

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COMPOUND.**

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it is so very beneficial. (Signed) THOS. RIVERS."

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greens, Stove, Greenhouse Plants, &c., supplied at the same Prices as offered  
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 Gardens Laid Out and Planted on the most approved principle.

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F. W. W. begs to inform the TRADE that his WHOLESALE CATALOGUE of the  
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FLOWERS, &c., and also an extensive List of all other NEW and CHOICE  
FLOWER SEEDS, sold in assortments and by weight.

The prices will be found as low as any house which supplies a genuine  
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To whom all Orders should be addressed, and where Price Lists can be  
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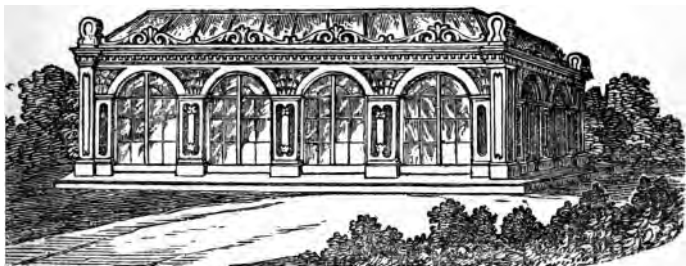
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**T. G. M.'S PATENTED BUILDINGS**

Combine all the modern improvements, are most effectually ventilated by means of his unequalled Apparatus, can be made either plain (and which are at the same time elegant in appearance), or of the most elaborate design. They can be fixed as permanent Buildings, or made to be portable.

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12 inches	...	6s. 0d. each.	18 inches	...	9s. 0d. each
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From 12 inches long, 1½d. per  
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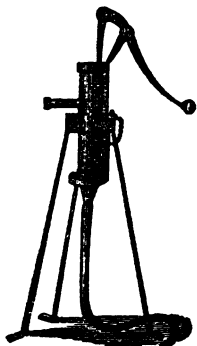
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Stand and Pump, with screwed Tail Pipe, fitted with Strong Brass Union for Suction Pipe .....	£	s.	d.
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Two-inch India Rubber and Canvas Flexible Suction Pipe, on Wires, either in 10, 12, or 15 feet lengths, per foot.....	2	9	0
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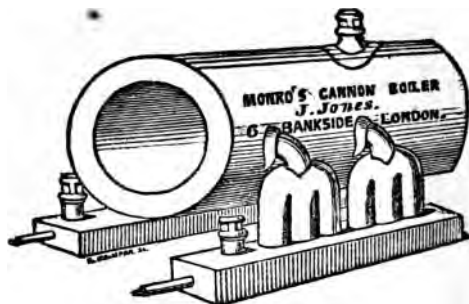
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20-inch Wrought Iron	...	...	...	£3	15	0	
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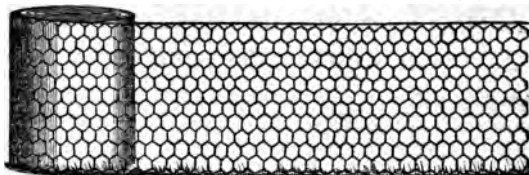
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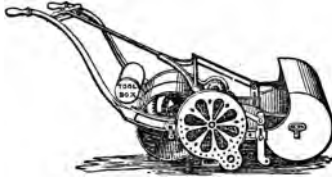
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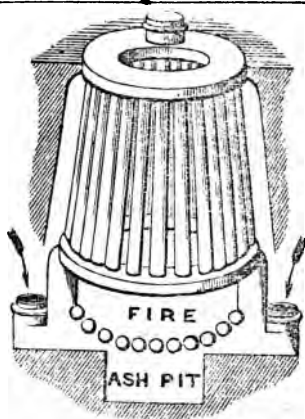
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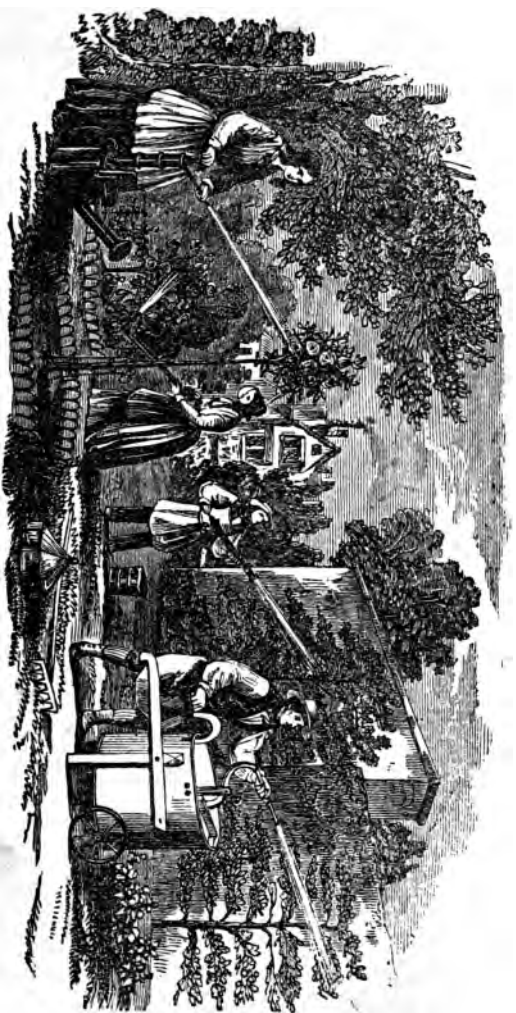
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